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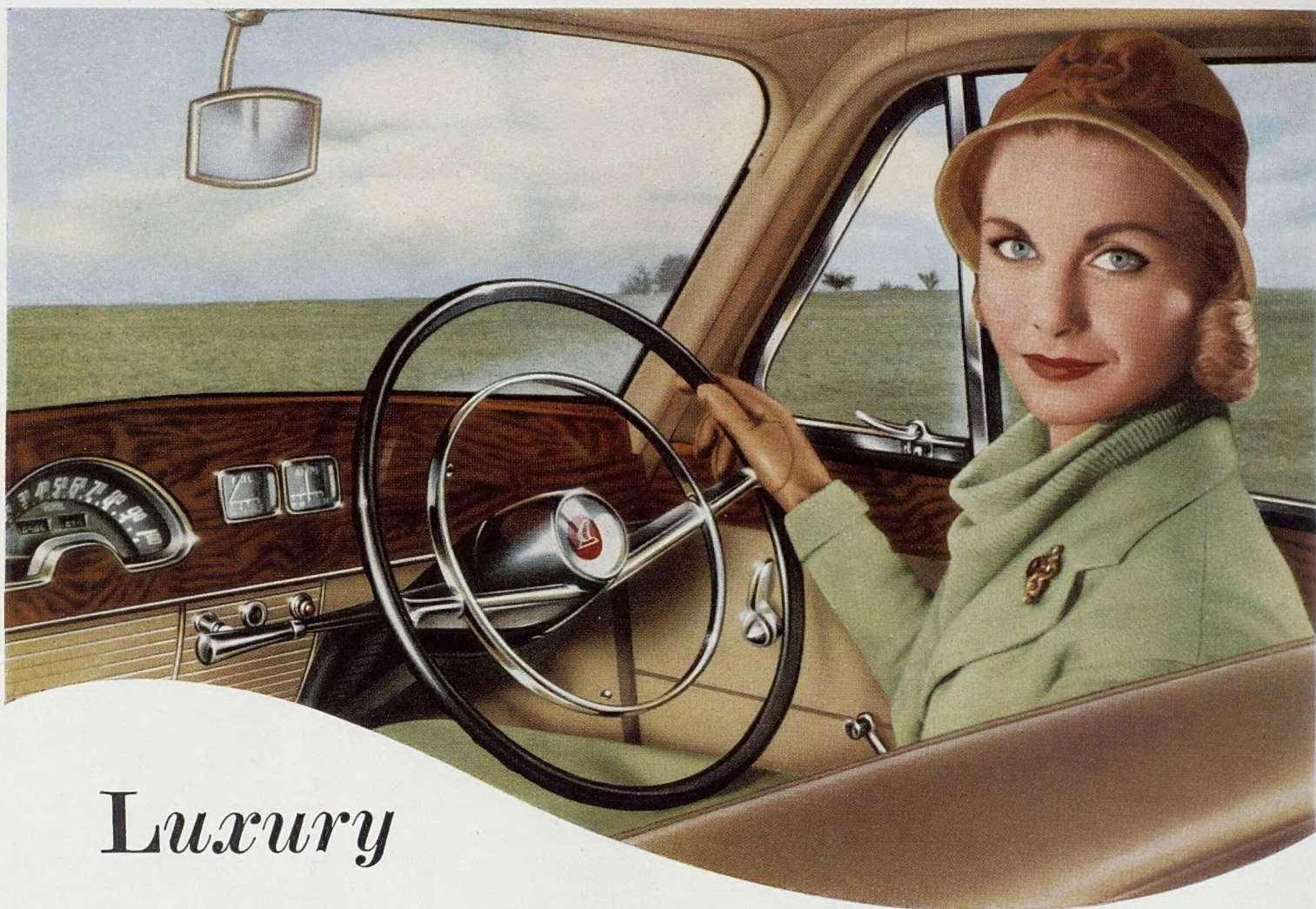
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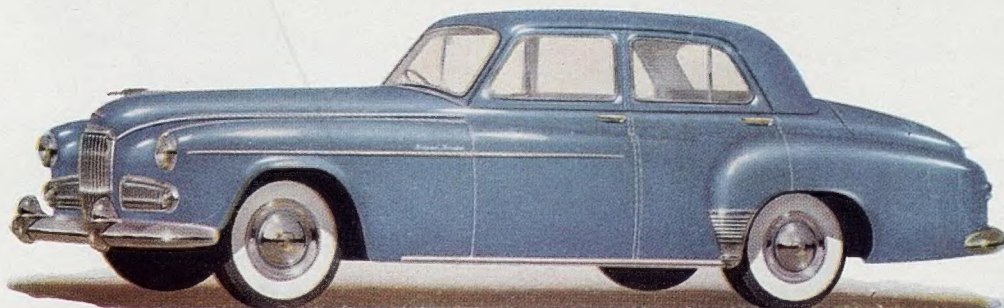
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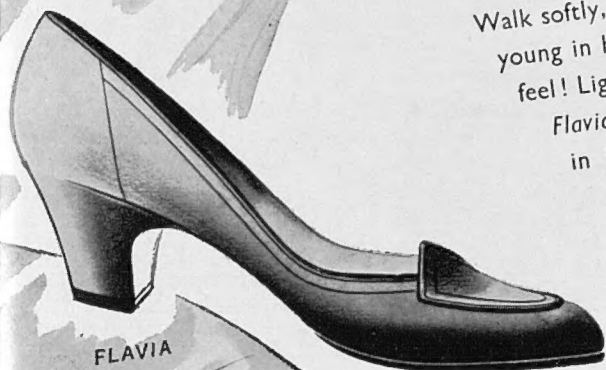
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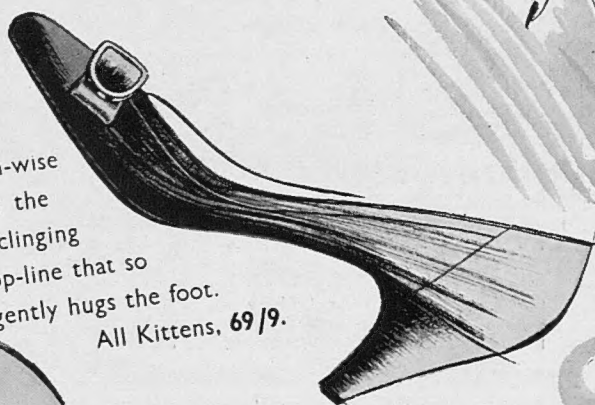
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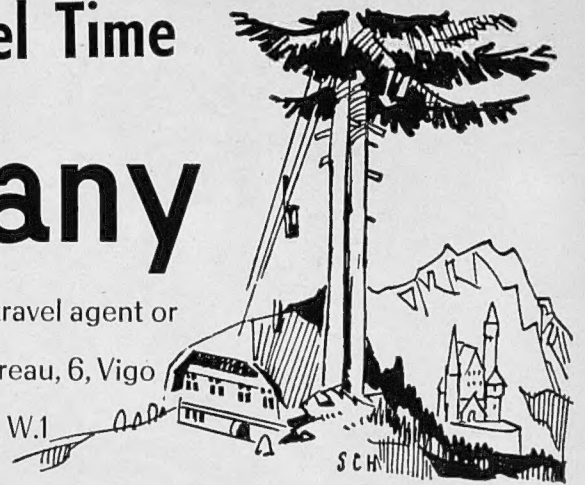
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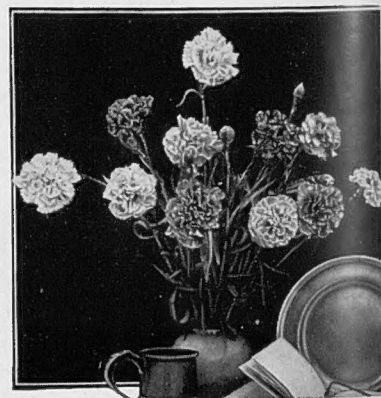
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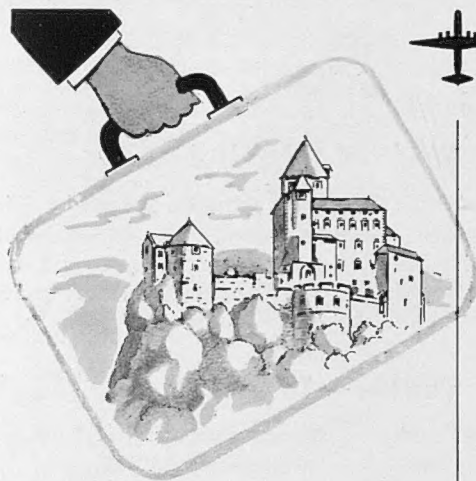
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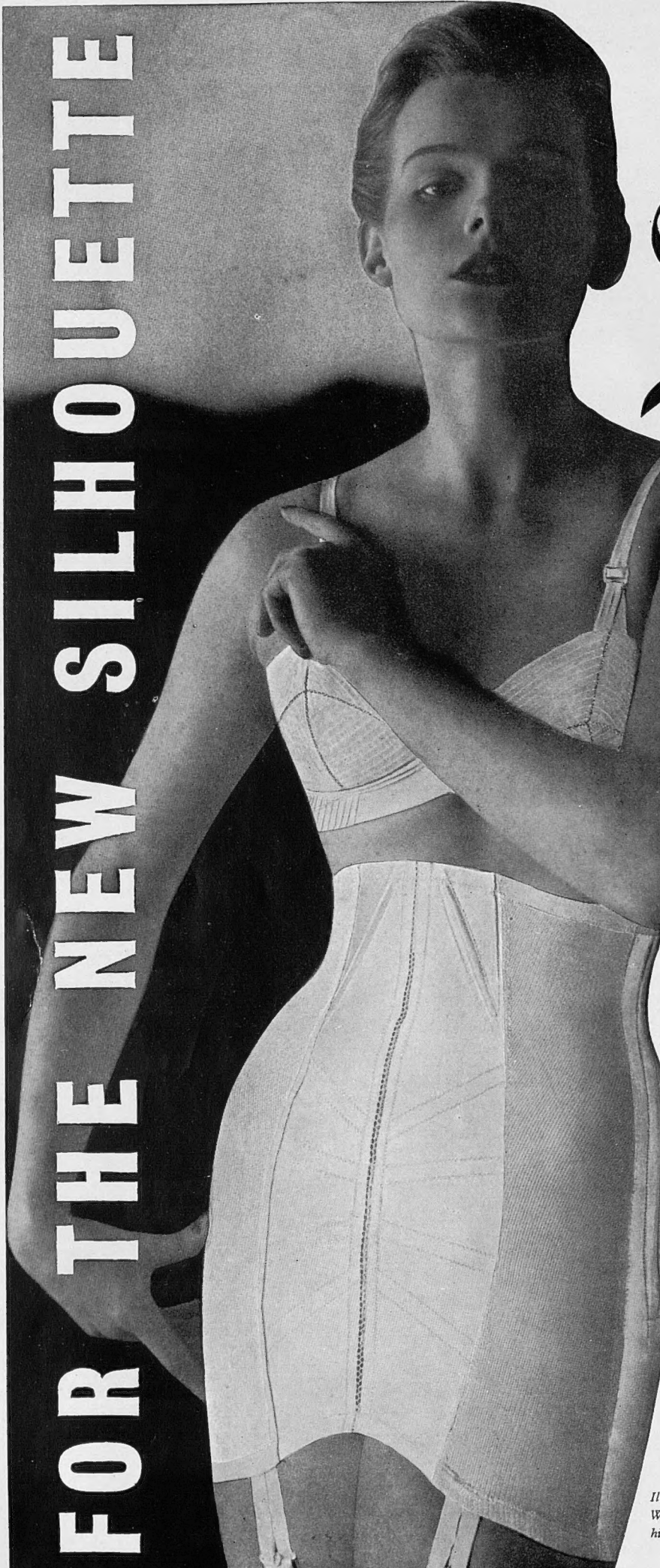


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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 25 to June 1

May 25 (Wed.) The Derby at Epsom.

Chelsea Flower Show opens to the public.

Eights Week at Oxford begins.

Aldershot Show until 28th at Rushmoor Arena.

M.C.C. v. the R.M.A. Sandhurst (two days) at Lord's.

Mrs. Aubrey Burke's dance for her daughter,

Miss Meriel Burke, at 9 Hyde Park Gardens.

Surrey v. Lancashire at the Oval.

May 26 (Thurs.) General Election in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Mrs. William Reynolds's and Mrs. Cyril Salmon's dance for their daughters, Miss

Juliet Reynolds and the Hon. Clodagh Morris,

at the Anglo-Belgian Club, Belgrave Square.

Viscount Camrose's Election night party at

the Savoy Hotel.

First night of new ballet *The House Of Birds* at Sadler's Wells.

May 27 (Fri.) The Oaks at Epsom.

Pembroke College, Oxford, Eights Week dance.

Royal Ocean Racing Club race, Southsea to Harwich.

Götterdämmerung at Covent Garden.

May 28 (Sat.) Whitsun Weekend festivities at Le Touquet, Deauville and other resorts.

The Queen and Prince Philip arrive at Balmoral on holiday.

Middlesex v. Sussex at Lord's.

Racing at Warwick, Doncaster and Hurst Park.

May 29 Whit-Sunday.

May 30 Whit-Monday Bank Holiday.

The Queen presents new Colours to 1st Bn. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, at Balmoral Castle.

Goodwood international motor racing meeting. Racing at Doncaster (one day), Hurst Park and Birmingham (two days).

Amateur Golf Championship, Royal Lytham St. Anne's (Lancs) course (six days).

May 31 (Tues.) Lady Daphne Straight's dance for Miss Camilla Straight at the Dorchester Hotel.

Mrs. Francis Fisher and Mrs. Cyril Roberts's dance for their daughters, Miss Lucy Fisher and Miss Penelope Roberts, at the Hurlingham Club.

June 1 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the Suffolk Agricultural Show at Benacre Park, Beccles.

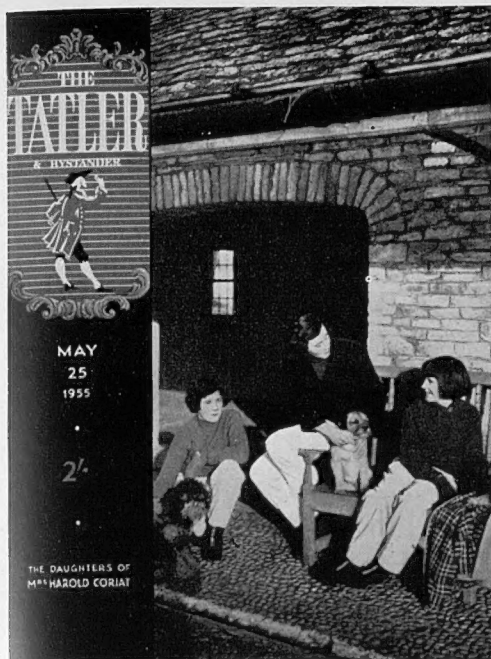
Bath and West Horse Show at Launceston (four days).

The Royal Tournament at Earls Court (until June 18).

First night of *The Tempest* at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, with Robert Atkins and Robert Eddison.

First night of *The Lost Generation* (Garrick), with Brian Nissen, Leslie Phillips and Nora Swinburne.

Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Mrs. Charles d'Anyers Willis's dance for their daughters, Miss Mary Illingworth and Miss Caroline d'Anyers Willis.



MRS. HAROLD CORIAT'S DAUGHTERS, pictured on the cover, are the Hon. Jennifer Curzon (left) with her elder sister the Hon. Mary Curzon and their stepsister Miss Susan Coriat, at their home Twatley, Malmesbury, Wiltshire. The two eldest are the grand-daughters of Earl Howe. Mrs. Coriat, daughter of the late Sir Archibald Weigall, Bt., K.C.M.G., and the late Lady Weigall, owns several racehorses and has a fine stud at Twatley. The children all take a keen interest in horses and compete in various horse shows when their studies permit. The photograph is by Eric Coop

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Photograph by John Cole

Mrs. Barbara Goalen

doyen of all the models who, by her poise, elegance and personal charm, has turned High Fashion modelling into a High Society occupation. In fashion Goalen and Flair mean the same thing, and she chooses as her personal hairdresser Martin Douglas at 30 Davies Street, W.1.

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MAY 25

1955

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Desmond O'Neill

Drum-roll for pageantry

THE traditional Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry, consisting of a contingent of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) in full dress uniform, was one of the highlights of the Royal Windsor Show. Nothing makes a greater impression than the horse-drummer on his magnificently schooled mount. Above: Trooper Johnson and the R.H.G.'s drum horse Hannibal were seen for the first time this year at the Show, more pictures of which will be found overleaf

ROYAL FAMILY AT WINDSOR SHOW

THE Royal Windsor Horse Show was twice honoured by the presence of the Queen and Prince Philip. On the third day, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, they saw the competition for the Queen's Challenge Cup for the best regimental jumping team won by the King's Troop R.H.A. The R.A.F. team was placed second and the R.A.S.C. team third. Right: Her Majesty presenting the cup to Major D. P. H. Dyson of the King's Troop



Social Journal

Jennifer

CHAMPIONS AT WINDSOR

UNDOUBTEDLY the most enjoyable horse show of the year is the Royal Windsor, held in the unique setting of the Home Park with the magnificent castle as a background. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present at the floodlit evening performance, and again next morning, when Prince Charles and Princess Anne saw their roan pony William awarded a highly commended rosette in the Children's Pony class.

The Show opened in brilliant sunshine, when we saw Mr. Bernard Selby's heavyweight hunter, His Grand Excellency, become champion hunter, with Mr. H. N. Haldin's Earmark, who had also won the middleweight hunter class and the Ladies Hunter class, as reserve champion.

THE Hon. Mrs. James Baird, a very fine horsewoman, who is always impeccably turned out riding side saddle, judged the Ladies Hunters with Lady Stanier. The Duchess of Norfolk, one of the finest and most knowledgeable riders in the country, won the very strong Working Hunter class on her good-looking Penny Royal, while Miss Anne Smith-Maxwell, immaculately turned out in a well-

cut dark blue coat, and well-cut breeches and boots, with her hair exceptionally neat under a velvet cap, rode Mr. Ronnie Marmont's Burrough Hills to win the Small Hunter class. Miss Smith-Maxwell, a very pretty girl of eighteen, who follows hounds in Leicestershire, set a fine example, as did the Duchess, of how to look when riding in the show ring.

Among horse-loving personalities I saw at this show, which also has the added attraction of being most efficiently run, were the Duke of Beaufort, its President, who was judging hunters on the first day with Lt.-Col. Geoff Phipps Hornby, Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith and Lady May Abel Smith, who presented some of the prizes and judged one of the Children's Pony classes, Earl Fortescue, who was sitting watching the judging, Lt.-Col. Taffy Walwyn, Lt.-Col. Joe Dudgeon and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Coriat, who had several entries, talking to Lady Violet Vernon and Mrs. Ferris St. George. Also Mr. and Mrs. Phil Blackmore, Mr. Oliver Gilbey, Mr. Geoffrey Cross, chairman of the committee running the Show, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, who won the small Hack class on her mother's five-year-old Poonch Kalyan, and the bigger Hack class and the Ladies Hacks on her own Blithe Spirit; Mrs. Kent, whose daughter Jane won the

Lightweight Hunter class on Mr. Marmont's Cufflink, Count and Countess Robert Orsich, and Lord Patrick Beresford, who is stationed at Windsor with the Life Guards.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS the most brilliant gathering yet organized by the United Nations Association was their tenth Birthday Dinner. More than five hundred guests filled historic Guildhall where some of the City's famous gold plate adorned the long Top Table. The Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, presided, and before dinner received the guests with Viscountess Kilmuir, chairman of the dinner, who wore a spray of orchids on a lavender faille dress, and Major-Gen. Lyne, chairman of the executive committee of U.N.A.

The speakers were originally to have been Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Attlee, but, of course, the election campaign made this impossible. The outstanding guest of the evening was undoubtedly the High Commissioner for India, H.E. Mrs. Pandit, President of the World Federation of United Nations Associations. This brilliant and enlightened lady who before she took up her present appointment was a leading personality at the United Nations

Assembly in New York, spoke with great sincerity and stressed the point that the peoples of the world needed to learn the art of living together happily. Other speakers included Lord Pakenham, the Lord Mayor, Viscount and Viscountess Kilmuir and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, who never fails to make a good speech.

The Ambassadors of many countries were present at the dinner, including their Excellencies from Saudi Arabia, France, Peru, the U.S.S.R., the Netherlands, the Argentine, the Lebanon, and Uruguay. Also the High Commissioner for Australia, the Korean Minister, and the Chinese and the Burmese Chargés d'Affaires.

Among others who came to the dinner to support this excellent cause were Sir Alexander Cadogan, Lord and Lady Grantchester, Sir Stuart Coats, Sir Henry and Lady Price, the latter very elegant in pastel satin and lovely jewels, Sir Ronald Howe and Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney.

The Association has done splendid work during the past ten years to ensure that the people of this country understand the United Nations and give it their full support. It is imperative that this work go on, and donations are always gladly received at 25 Charles Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

AFTER an early luncheon I motored down to Cowdray Park, near Midhurst, to watch the polo. This is surely one of the most pleasant pastimes for anyone on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon during the summer months. Viscount Cowdray, who has done so much to put polo back into the picture since the war, has also arranged everything splendidly at Cowdray for the comfort of spectators, who can park their cars right round the ground to watch the polo every weekend. Prince Philip, who drove himself over from Windsor in an open sports car, played in two of the matches. He is extremely well mounted, and it was good to see how well his ponies went for him and how much he has improved his game. He certainly played up to his new handicap of three.

In the first game he played No. 2 in the Mariners team with Lt.-Cdr. Robert de Pass at No. 1, Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper, a four handicap player, playing well at No. 3 and Lt. J. W. M. Fander, R.N., at back. After a fast and exciting match, they were defeated 6-5 by the Cowdray Park team consisting of Lord Cowdray, No. 1, who played a brilliant second chukka, scoring a

goal for his side, H. Freeborn, No. 2, who also played well, Lt.-Col. Peter Dollar, No. 3, who scored some of the goals for his side, including one especially long one—he was playing as well as ever in spite of a fall in a match the previous day—and Col. G. H. Critchley, who also scored a goal.

IN the second match Rao Raja Hanut Singh's Ratanada team, consisting of himself at No. 3, Mr. S. Hill a young player who came unstuck in the first chukka, Mr. Charles Smith Ryland and Mr. William de Lisser, who is over from Jamaica for the summer, defeated the Polo Cottage team 8-5½ after another fast game. Mr. A. J. Craig Harvey, Mr. F. L. Withers, Major Stretton Dixon and Mr. W. H. D. Riley-Smith made up the Polo Cottage team.

It was good to see so many young players from the navy, no doubt encouraged by Prince Philip, also young army players, and a Sandhurst team captained by Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper, which included Mr. J. H. Pitman, Capt. T. E. St. Aubyn and Capt. J. H. Foster. This Sandhurst team was defeated by Prince Philip's Sea Horses team consisting of Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N., Lt. D. A. P. O'Reilly, R.N., and Lt. J. W. M. Maunder.

Watching the matches were Viscountess Cowdray, Mrs. Knox, who was returning to the U.S. the following day with her husband, who is a seven handicap player, Vera Lady Broughton escorted by Mr. Andrew McLaren, Lady Troubridge with her daughter-in-law Mrs. Peter Troubridge and her younger son Ted, who was returning to Malta the following day, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby with Mrs. Herbert Agar, whose son Mr. Billy Wallace was another playing polo that afternoon.

Also there were the Countess of Brecknock, Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland, Mrs. Rex Benson, Mrs. Alan de Pass and her débutante daughter Jill, Miss Virginia Estcourt and Mr. Christopher and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet with their two little daughters Teresa and Catriona.

Pictures of the polo will be found on pages 454-5.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY went to a very gay supper party given in honour of Doretta Morrow and Alfred Drake, the stars of the great new musical *Kismet*. The hostess

[Continued overleaf



Princess Anne's pony William received a highly commended in the Child's Pony Class. He was ridden at the show by Miss Juliet Anne Horder



The Hon. Bill Allenby, brother of Viscount Allenby, and Mrs. Allenby came over from their home at Singleborough, near Bletchley



Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith and Miss Ann Abel Smith at the judging of the Working Hunter Class, for which there was a strong entry



Viscount Knutsford and the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert had been following the preliminary judging of the agricultural turnouts



Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, the rider, and Mrs. M. B. Auld were checking their programme during the judging of the hunters on the first day

Continuing The Social Journal

Diplomatists met stars
in Belgrave Square

was that vivacious personality Mme. Zulficar, who was looking extremely chic in white slipper satin, and the party took place in her lovely Belgrave Square home. For supper, guests sat at small tables lit by scarlet candles in silver candlesticks and helped themselves to exciting dishes arranged in the centre of the room. These included several Turkish and Egyptian specialities.

I sat at a table where guests included the very handsome Princess of Berar, wearing many rows of beautiful pearls with a most attractive dark blue lace dress. On her left was Lt.-Gen. Stone, next to Mlle. Alexa Khouri, the very charming sister of the Lebanese Ambassador who is such an excellent hostess at their Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, Mr. Alfred Drake and Mr. James Murrey who works at the Foreign Office. The subject of conversation was the theatre, in which the Princess of Berar, I found, takes a very keen interest and on which she has very definite views.

A delicious supper was thus made even more enjoyable by a most scintillating and informative discussion on the stage, playwrights, and actors and actresses, both British and American.

Other guests, who numbered about fifty, at this amusing party included the Lebanese Ambassador, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, and Señor Joaquin of the Spanish Embassy.

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THE annual dinner dance organized by the British-Italian Society was a most enjoyable evening, and rather like a private dance, as so many guests knew each other, and many shared the same interests. The Society does much to promote and sponsor friendly relations between this country and Italy. Their monthly journal is another channel of information for those interested in Italy, and does much to encourage young people to visit each other's country often, on an *au pair* arrangement.

Mrs. John Wyndham was chairman of the ball, but unfortunately was ill on the night, and Mary Duchess of Roxburghe very ably deputized for her. Lord Leconfield, Chairman



LADY TUCK AND HER SONS, Richard and Christopher, are the wife and children of Sir Bruce Tuck, Bt. Lady Tuck is an American and married Sir Bruce, who is the third baronet, in 1949. They live in Eaton Place

of the Society, was present, also Count Vittorio Zoppi, the Italian Ambassador, who had a big party including the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Princess of Berar, the Marchesa Capece di Bugnano, Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon, the French Counsellor and Madame Lebel and the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe.

Others I saw enjoying the evening included Viscount Cowdray dancing with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Signor Guerrieri, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand, Lord Brooke, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar, Mr. and Mrs. Heseltine, Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell, Mr. Ivor Bulmer-Thomas, Major Gordon Lett who was a prisoner of war in Italy during the war, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Baker—he spent some years in Italy when he was in the Foreign Service.

★ ★ ★

MAY is the month chosen by several hostesses for cocktail parties for their débutante daughters. Among the most successful was one given by Mrs. Graeme Daglish who lives in Northamptonshire, but gave the party in a charming house in Hans Street for her attractive daughter Anne, who is making her début this year. As it was held on a Wednesday night, her son Richard and many of his young friends from Sandhurst were able

to get up for it, among them the Duke of Kent, who like his charming young sister, Princess Alexandra, enjoys a good party.

At another cocktail party there was a dance band which made it a very gay occasion. This was the joint one given by Mrs. Richard Hanbury and Mrs. John Wadeley for their daughters, Miss Penelope Hanbury and Miss Sara Buxton, which took place at Stanhope Gate. Both girls, Penelope pretty in blue and Sara looking charming in red, helped their mothers receive the guests who numbered nearly three hundred. Among the young people, many of whom came in evening dress as they were later going on to a débutante's ball (as the two young hostesses did), were Miss Melanie Hoare, talking to Mr. David Jarret, Miss Frances Sweeny lovely in a dark red net dress, the twin sisters Miss Felicity and Miss Penelope Drew dressed alike, and American débutante Miss Pearson Henry dancing with Mr. David Weston. She had her own coming-out dance at the Dorchester a few nights later. Also I saw Miss Verity Lawrence in a pink dress with silver bands, and Miss Charlotte Pumphrey discussing her trip to Venice with Mr. Robin Newman.

Other young men present included Sara's brother Mr. Robert Buxton, a most efficient young host, the Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, Mr. James Butler who had just returned from France, and Mr. Barry Rogerson and Mr. Ted Harvey, both well-known point-to-point riders in Herts and Essex.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY had an interesting letter from a friend in Kenya telling me that General Sir George Erskine had a busy round of farewell visits before he left East Africa, including one to the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, and Lady Baring at Government House, Nairobi. Another visitor to Government House about that time was Mrs. Keith Newall, a most interesting personality who lives alone on a 500 acre farm forty miles from Nakuru right in the middle of the Mau Mau area. The nearest doctor is ten miles away and recently, when she had three weeks in bed with pleurisy, her only companions were a bottle of M and B pills and a .38 revolver! Mrs. Newall is shortly going on a lecture tour in U.S.A. The letter went on to say there is little night life in Nairobi. The Equator Club is fairly busy weekends, but it rather damps the party spirit to have to drive home at midnight with a revolver on the passenger seat and be greeted by the business end of a rifle backed by a taut-looking black Askari guard on reaching a homestead.



The Marquise de Miramon was in conversation with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, from Hertfordshire, whose husband is a brother of the Earl of Dudley



Miss Peverel Jeffree, Lord Leconfield, chairman of the Society, and Mrs. A. L. Jeffree inspecting one of the bottles of Chianti, which were tombola prizes



H.E. the Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Count Vittorio Zoppi, was dancing with Mme. Claud Lebel from the French Embassy

A pleasant luncheon party at the New Stanley to mark a co-operative deal between B.O.A.C. and East African Airways included the Speaker, Sir Vincent Glenday, and Lady Glenday, Sir Alfred and Lady Vincent—he is chairman of E.A.A.—General Williams, Commissioner of Transport, and Mrs. Williams, Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of B.O.A.C., who is now back in England, and Mr. Mundy, Finance Minister for East Africa, and his wife.

Work is progressing rapidly at the new Nairobi airport Embakasi, where the runway will be the longest in Africa, nearly two miles long. It is being made by 4,000 Mau Mau prisoners on a task basis, with a 1-10 armed guard very alert. It is hoped this airport will be opened in time for the new Comet which everyone wants to see flying soon. This plane will do the London-Nairobi journey in ten hours, with one stop, Cairo.

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THERE has been a succession of farewell parties to that very popular couple, the retiring Mexican Ambassador and Mme. de Icaza. One of the most amusing of these was the dinner and reception given in their honour at Canning House, when Mme. de Icaza looked extremely chic in a dress of flowered silk organza. The heads of all the Latin American missions were there, including the Ambassadors of Cuba and Peru with their very beautiful wives, Mme. Mendoza and Mme. Schreiber.

Others at the party included the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Countess of Scarbrough, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd, the Marquess of Reading and Mr. Henry Tiarks, who with Mrs. Tiarks had given a delightful cocktail party earlier that evening in their lovely Hyde Park Gardens home. The Tiarks had only just returned from a visit to Spain, spent partly in Madrid and partly in Andalusia which they had enjoyed immensely. Their guests included Prince Frederik of Prussia receiving congratulations on his new baby son and daughter, the Austrian Ambassador, who is a very old friend, the U.S. Minister and Mrs. Walton Butterworth, Sir Charles and Lady Lambro, Prince and Princess Alphonse de Chimay and Mme. Franca Piperno.

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ONCE again the Eton College Hunt Ball to raise funds for the Eton College Beagles is to take place on the first night of the Eton and Harrow match at

Lord's. This will be on Friday, July 8, and as last year the ball will be held at the Dorchester Hotel. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester is Patron of the ball, and the Duke of Beaufort President. The vice-presidents include Earl St. Aldwyn, Earl Bathurst, M.F.H., the Duchess of Northumberland and Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, M.F.H.

This is always a very gay affair for young people, and many families make up parties for the ball. Tickets may be obtained from D. S. Barrington-Browne, Esq., Coberley Mill, North Cheltenham, Glos.

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TOMORROW week, June 2, a fair will be held at St. James's Palace from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., in aid of the Dockland Settlement. Princess Marie Louise is President of the Fair and Princess Margaret has promised to attend. An outstanding stall will be the Products of Scotland Stall, for which Scottish manufacturers, shopkeepers and others have all been most forthcoming and helpful with their contributions to this effort.

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SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL are once again kindly opening the grounds of Chartwell, their home in Kent, to raise funds for charity. On June 8 it will be open for the Westerham Church and the Churchill Homes and on July 8 for the Y.W.C.A. which this year is celebrating its centenary.

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THE Air Ball takes place at the Dorchester Hotel on June 28, in aid of the Air League of the British Empire. Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., Secretary of State for Air, and Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, are joint ball presidents and Lady Fogarty is the chairman. Tickets are obtainable from her at 79 Davies Street, London, W.1.

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MRS. GHISLAINE ALEXANDER and Mrs. Edward Sutro are joint chairmen of a dinner ball to be held at the May Fair Hotel on June 27, in aid of the Building Fund appeal of the Central School of Speech and Drama. Princess Alexandra has kindly consented to attend. Tickets for the ball can be had from Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, C.S.S.D., Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7.



THE BRITISH-ITALIAN BALL was held at the Savoy Hotel where some three hundred guests had a very enjoyable evening. Among them were Mrs. A. M. Maude-Roxby, Mrs. L. Corsini and Mrs. R. Pearce



Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham was sitting at a table with Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, who is the younger daughter of the Earl of Dunraven



The Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, the wife of Lord Dunsany's heir, was sitting at a table with Viscount Ednam, elder son and heir of the third Earl of Dudley



Lady Russell, Mrs. Michael Forte and Sir Charles Russell, Bt., who is the third baronet and succeeded his father in 1938, chatting during the evening



Miss J. Kerr-Watson, Miss Claire Baring and Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar, three of the guests who were trying their luck at the tombola with success

Desmond O'Neill

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

MR. LANNING ROPER, the author of this article, has been described by the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, President of the Royal Horticultural Society, as one of the most distinguished authorities on gardens and horticulture generally; thus his description and comment on the greatest of British flower shows is both interesting and informative. Mr. Roper is now working for the Royal Horticultural Society and takes a prominent part in the editorial policy of its journal and publications

THE dream come true for most horticulturists throughout the world is a visit to London in May to see the Chelsea Show. It opens to the public today, for the thirty-fourth time since it was inaugurated in 1912, in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, whose beautiful buildings by Christopher Wren are superbly placed in the park-like setting of gardens overlooking the Chelsea Embankment of the Thames. Here, until Friday, gardeners assemble from all over the British Isles, the Commonwealth, the Continent and the United States. During World War One, no Chelsea Shows were held in 1917 and 1918, or in the last war from 1940-46 inclusive.

Each year the show has grown in size with more and more tents until now it is staged under a vast marquee, reputed to be the largest in the world and covering nearly three and a half acres under a single roof. This certainly merits the term "Big Top" and so in itself is an achievement, but the assembling of the hundreds of thousands of choice flowers, both growing and cut blooms, all at the peak of perfection, is an even greater one.

NOT only is the show spectacular beyond belief and an occasion of great enjoyment for tens of thousands, but above all it is designed to be instructive to the Fellows of the Society and the public, and to further the interests of good gardening throughout Great Britain.

It is, in addition, a social event of considerable importance, ranking with the opening of the Royal Academy or the first day of Ascot. Members of the Royal Family have a preview on Tuesday morning, and have the delightful experience of seeing the vast marquee in all its splendour, free from crowds and filled with the perfume of flowers so soon to be enjoyed by the visitors who throng the Show. We all remember with very real affection the photos of Queen Mary and the late King George VI with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, viewing the various outdoor gardens and exhibits. These Royal visits to Chelsea have been an inspiration to all who have worked and exhibited there through the years, and Her Majesty the Queen's visit this year, for the second time since her accession, added immeasurably to the importance of opening day and of the Show as a whole.

YESTERDAY afternoon was the Private View for Fellows. And what a happy occasion it was with the greeting of friends, gardeners up from the depths of the country, and gay clothes and hats which rivalled some of the exhibits. There are acquaintances who only meet once a year on this celebrated occasion, and it takes a great

deal of time to catch up on the months between.

On this occasion, from two until eight, crowds pour in through the gates and wander in the labyrinths of stands, ordering shrubs, trees and herbaceous plants, lawn mowers and greenhouses. There is so much to see that one hardly knows where to begin. The outdoor gardens along the main avenue are always a great attraction. There are superb rock gardens made of hundreds of tons of specially procured rocks, with running streams, waterfalls, bridges and perfect lawns. Rock plants by the thousand are massed for effect and skilfully placed for reflection in the clear waters of the pools and streams.

AGAIN, there are formal gardens for a variety of settings with garden pavilions, pergolas, terraces, fountains, massed azaleas and flowering shrubs or superb herbaceous borders. All the skill the landscape designer possesses has been utilized to make the most of the space allotted and the existing trees on the site and lawns look as if they had been made for years.

Inside the marquee there are other gardens with superb collections of meconopsis, rhododendrons, lilies and birch trees, rising from ground covers of primulas, funkias and ferns. Lovely pictures of these gardens staged through the years by such experts as those at Bodnant, Exbury, the Commissioners of Crown Lands at Windsor and the R.H.S. Gardens at Wisley come to mind.

The labour, skill, knowledge and forethought that go into these exhibits is hard to imagine. Preparations are often started a year in advance with the potting up of trees and plants, followed by long periods in cold storage to retard, and in hot-houses to speed up the flowering season so that each specimen will reach perfection for the first day of the show. The weather man is defied and judging from results it does not seem to matter whether the season is early or late.

ORCHID exhibits are breathtaking, and before the great banks of plants worth thousands of pounds and including some of the finest blooms in the world today, orchid fanciers from all over the world discuss the merits of the different hybrids, and an export business of considerable importance is carried on by these "orchid prospectors."

A favourite exhibit is that of water plants. There is always a pool with water lilies and then wonderful ferns, rushes, weeping willows, giant gunnera and all the lovely cool green plants we associate with a damp site. Green is the keynote and after the blaze of colour of other exhibits this clever water garden gives infinite pleasure.

Vast rainbow displays of sweet peas, magnificent roses, carnations, irises, lupins, tulips and peonies make a brilliant show and the

The Queen Mother, a most experienced gardener, accompanied by Princess Margaret, inspects the rock garden and bridge at last year's show



The Royal Family have always shown an active interest in gardens. King George V and Queen Mary at the Carter's garden during their visit in 1925

displays of the great seed houses of international reputation are dazzling in their brilliance and lavishness. Each year the delphiniums get taller and more varied in colouring. Each year the tuberous begonias seem to achieve a new peak of size and perfection of form. Always there is a plant that catches the public's fancy. One year it was the so-called blue rose, and last year Kingdon Ward's new tree lily, brought back from his last plant collecting expedition to Burma.

FLOWERING shrubs are a great feature, especially azaleas, shrub roses, lilacs, philadelphus and clematis. It is hard to believe that so many plants can be brought into bloom at one time.

Then there are the stands of vegetables with great pyramids of symmetrically arranged produce, specimens grown to such size and perfection that they are as decorative as the most beautiful flowers. The brilliant contrasting hues of radishes, pearly onions, carrots, flaming chillis, beetroots, peas, mushrooms, lettuces and aubergines are mouth watering and awe-inspiring, though, alas, the vegetables which you and I can buy at the greengrocers seldom resemble them.

After a time the vocabulary fails to express one's feelings of wonderment, and this is the moment to retire to the Ranelagh gardens for tea and to sit in the sun and listen to the music

of the band. One returns refreshed, possibly to look at the latest garden furniture or horticultural literature, or to visit the scientific section with educational exhibits and skilled staff members from the R.H.S. and other research organizations to answer the thousands of queries which gardeners have saved up for weeks past.

The section devoted to new plants to which awards have been given is always popular. Here are usually to be found a selection of rhododendrons, roses, pelargoniums, tulips, primulas and orchids as well as many other genera. This feature is of particular interest to plantsmen, whether amateur or professional.

I ALWAYS think with amusement of the old lady who was giving her impressions of her first Chelsea Show after having stayed from early morning till closing time. Her comment, "Oh, those flowers—but oh my feet!" was perhaps not too wide of the mark. And of the Eton boy who, when asked by his distinguished horticulturist uncle how he liked the show, replied, "Very much, sir, but it seemed to me there were far too many flowers." Perhaps nearest to the sentiments of many of us was the very resigned comment made in complete humility, "I didn't see a single flower that looked like one I might have grown myself. Yes, the flowers at Chelsea were like

the descriptions I have read in certain catalogues, all bigger and brighter and better than mine."

Each year there are important international features. Three years ago there was the fascinating Spanish garden based on the Generalife at Granada, staged by the Sociedad de Amigos del Paisaje y Jardines, in 1951 the great collection of cacti and succulents from the Federazione Provinciale Coltivatori di Genoa.

THE year 1954 brought the exciting collection of exotic orchids, including the lovely blue Vanda, which were flown from Singapore.

In the Coronation year there was the great Commonwealth Exhibit organized by the Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, with the assistance of the governments of the Dominions and Colonies, to represent the more characteristic flora of different areas. Succulents from Kirstenbosch, gardenias and hibiscus from Hong Kong, orchids and tropical ferns from Ceylon, economic trees like rubber and cocoa, lilies from Bermuda, *Cornus Nuttallii* from Canada, eucalyptus and calistemons from Australia, olearias from New Zealand, and best of all a bit of real birch and bluebell wood from Kew. It was an exhibit of great importance befitting the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth.



The Spanish garden based on the Generalife in Granada, was one of the outstanding exhibits ever staged by an overseas organization in recent years

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"... Jockeys are not at all to eat eggs"

TODAY, I'm glad to say, is Derby Day. No Englishman worth his salt will stay away from the course, not only because the natural instinct draws a man to Epsom Downs, but also because Alice Lady Derby, who is ninety-three years of age, is going there to see the race named after her family, will travel in her own sports car, and her horse stands a very good chance of winning the contest.

No entry so far exposed to public view has compared with her Acropolis.

There is some significant betting for the Irishman, Hugh Lupus, which ran Our Babu to a neck at the back end of last season, but he is a bad traveller (he kicked his box to pieces travelling over from Ireland by air for the Guineas) and his owner Lady Ursula Vernon, daughter of the late Duke of Westminster, has been praying for a quieter crossing.

Lady Ursula has other clouds above her head, for she trains her horse in Ireland and Camden's *Britannia*, printed in 1695, says that Irish racehorse owners believe that if they never lend out fire to their neighbours they imagine it adds length of life and much health to their horses.

Also: "When the owner of a horse eats eggs he must be very careful to eat an even number, otherwise the horse is endangered. . . . Jockeys are not at all to eat eggs."

A TOUCH of romance comes into the game, too, for in Edwards's *Old English Customs And Charities*, it is recorded that by the will of John Perran, May 30, 1772, there was a Bequest to Encourage Matrimony and Horse Racing at Newmarket.

"... the sum of £21 was to be given to a parishioner who should on Thursday of Easter Week be married to a female parishioner, neither to be under twenty nor over twenty-five nor worth £20. In case of no claimants the money was to be paid to the winner of the Town Plate."

It is recorded that in thirty years the money was not claimed above twenty times and went to the Racing Fund.

Do not believe that this association

between racing and ordinary life has evaporated, for I am assured that in Newmarket last year an interested visitor noticed to his pleasure that on a Sunday morning the sermon in the church in the High Street was to be preached by a gentleman named The Reverend Mr. Forecast.

IN 1844 questions were put to a Mr. Barnard by a Committee of the House of Commons, which make the point more clearly.

Q.: The Derby is a holiday for everybody?

A.: Yes.

Q.: How many should you say of the lower classes attend every year?

A.: Very likely 15,000 or 20,000.

Q. (Lord Palmerston): There are a great number of ladies who go, are there not . . . ? More than half a dozen?



"... the trouble is apathy"

A.: Yes.

Q.: Do you believe that they share in this gambling?

A.: I know a great many of them bet; even our landladies in Epsom have as much as £1 or £2, or a new dress.

Q.: Do you suppose that those 15,000 or 20,000 would go if there was no gambling?

A.: I do not think it would make much difference to the lower class of people.

The last answer gives the clue. The English are simply interested in contests between animals, whether it be hound trials, cock fighting or ploughing matches and the money involved is of a secondary importance.

FROM *Horse Racing: Its History And Early Records* (1863) there is this pregnant paragraph:

"Somehow or other the Englishman is a very different individual, as regards temperament and disposition, when met with in everyday and ordinary society, to what he is when seen on the racecourse. In the former his taciturnity and closeness are remarkable, but on the latter his whole nature seems to expand to the greatest extent possible and his liberalities and social qualities are unbounded . . . !

"Is it that generally speaking so many Englishmen can only find a general ease or social level in a crowd? Or does it, in truth, arise from his admiration of the beauty and power of the English racehorse; pride again in the great value of the prizes and a feeling of exaltation at the enormous sums of money wagered . . . ? Then on this account alone horse races deserve encouragement if only to make Englishmen more sociable."

EPSOM touches the heart but also the stomach of the English. For once there lived in the grandstand, with her vast brood of a family, the great Mrs. Beeton, year in and out; and there she wrote her fine cookery book. It was there that she broke two dozen eggs and threw away the yolks.

While much, much earlier, Epsom was

known by its Saxon name Ebba's Home (Ebbesheim) and became famous in the seventeenth century by the accidental discovery of its spa. In 1618 the salts were sold at 5s. an ounce and there wouldn't be any Epsom racecourse but for them.

POLITICS also have their link, for Clarendon records in his *History Of The Rebellion* that "... soon after May 18, 1648 . . . a meeting of the Royalists was held on Banstead Downs under the pretence of a Horserace, and 600 horses were collected and marched to Reigate."

Although the first Derby Stakes were not held until 1780 (Sir C. Bunbury's ch.c. Diomed won from Mr. O'Kelly's b.c. and Mr. Walker's filly) there is a record of a race run on the Downs in *The Westminster Journal* of May 21, 1743, which says that "eight horses started for a purse of 50 guineas which was won by the Duke of Ancaster's Dismal."

In 1824 Robinson the jockey got long odds that he would not win the Derby, the Oaks, and a wife, in one week. He won the Derby on Cedric, the Oaks on Cobweb and the lady said yes.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH tomorrow is election day there does not seem to be any certainty in the minds of people as to what is going to happen. It might be a Coronation, at which everybody is out to see the show. Last time, I remember so well, people turned out to see Sir Winston Churchill for the treat of it, then voted against him for the fun of it.

Funny people we are. The big danger this time is apathy.

There does not seem to be any subject to capture the imagination of the population. This may be because politicians have lost their power to attract interest, or might be also because they are taken for granted.

I think that a big excitement might happen.

For the English have always the talent for surprise. They vote agin the Government. They get bored with the regimen. They might upset the applecart.

This surprise element in the English character should not be forgotten.

★ ★ ★

I AM delighted that Mr. Viacheslav Molotov, whose real name is Scriabin, went to Vienna for talks. For he is the most determined and succinct diplomatist I ever met.

Once I spent an hour on the bridge of the liner Queen Elizabeth with him, while he pretended to steer the ship. He did so (surrounded, of course, by his political assistants) and stood at the wheel patiently. He did not seem to notice that the ship went awry, for he knew very well that there were all manner of mechanical gadgets to right and left of him that would correct his natural errors.

He left the bridge quite satisfied, and his attendants were satisfied, too.



ELECTION EVE: While everyone in this country and overseas will be debating anxiously the results of tomorrow's visit to the polls, no three people will be more acutely concerned and on tenterhooks than Sir Anthony Eden, the Conservative Party's fine and well-beloved leader, Mr. Attlee, the Opposition's staunch upholder, and Mr. Clement Davies whose minute party, though all but submerged like an island in a sea of traffic, could yet, in the event of a draw between the giants, exert immense influence on legislation. They are depicted awaiting the verdict of the electorate with that knife-edge blend of hope and anxiety which the protagonists in all great issues must experience until the decisive moment is past

AT THE CLIMAX OF THE CHUKKA

AN exciting moment at Cowdray Park during the first afternoon of the season. Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper, of the Sandhurst team, reaches for the ball after riding off Lt. P. Troubridge, R.N., and Lt. D. A. P. O'Reilly, R.N., of the Sea Horses. Three good matches were played on this afternoon, to whose success sunny weather and splendidly kept turf made great contributions



SABRETACHE

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

WHAT between a letter from someone who has just been visiting Agamemnon's tomb, and another from Col. L. V. S. Blacker, formerly Guides Cavalry, and some others from Australia about those sheep slaughterers the dingoes, who do *not* hunt in packs, my post bag has been a bit exacting; not that Agamemnon was so much trouble because, although it is a good many years since I was compelled painfully to read Mr. Homer's vivid dispatches from the front before Troy, it would be impossible to forget that murder story, in which his bloody-minded wife, Clytemnestra, and her attaché Aegisthus were both involved! It is not good to hear that all that can be now seen of the tomb of the famous C.-in-C. Greek Army is just a mound, which, naturally, might cover anybody or nobody. Considering his fighting record, this is a very inartistic thing to have happened; for even barbarians like ourselves put up statues to far lesser lights!

Clytemnestra must have hated him quite a lot, though there was, of course, that incentive of her young attaché.

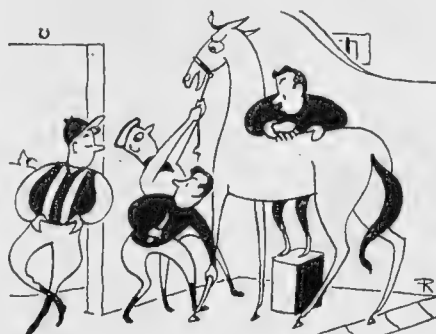
Colonel Blacker's letter is more or less a sequel to some others which he wrote me some years

ago concerning H.M. the Queen's right to the title of Queen of Pakistan, and also of Eire: this by reason of her direct descent from Milesius (1450 B.C.)

He was a very tough fighter. Some of his descendants ultimately found their way to Ireland (Co. Antrim), and his wife, Scots, had something to do with rescuing little Moses from those bulrushes, thus enabling him eventually to become the distinguished lawyer that he was.

COL. BLACKER's interesting paper is a bit too long, and likewise too learned, to reproduce at full length in these short notes, but he writes of times which must have been full of a spice which was all their own, and to which we morons cannot aspire in spite of our General Election tomorrow. It occurs to me that round about those times the talkative roadster of Balaam flourished. This wordy and obstinate animal seems to have lapped over a bit.

The new President Elect of the M.C.C., Earl



Alexander of Tunis, has every right to occupy such a prominent position for his cricket history dates back to his Harrow days. He was one of the two last Harrow wickets in what is known to Etonians as "Fowler's Match," because that young cricketer, with Eton in an almost hopeless position, pulled things right out of the fire.

Fowler was a son of Captain Harry Fowler, a famous former Master of the Meath hounds, and one of the best men who ever crossed that sporting country. He did it under the handicap of having only one sound leg but that did not seem to worry him, for he was as good a man as any before or after him. His brother, Sir John Fowler, who was a Sapper, was one of the victims of the treachery of some scoundrel on the North-West frontier of India into whose hands he fell. His fellow prisoner was Lt. Edwardes and they had a very thin time of it, being very lucky to escape without having their throats cut.

UMRA KHAN of Jundool was the villain of the piece, and he invaded Chitral after the murder of the late king, and took possession of Drohs after defeating the Chitralis. Fowler and Edwardes lived the life of dogs before Umra Khan began to get cold feet on the advance of Drury-Lowe's force from India. There was really very little fighting, and the only person who saw much fun was the late Col. Townshend, Royal Fusiliers, who got shut up in Chitral Fort and had to be dug out. This is the sort of performance which we seem to like, because so many of the frontier incidents started through someone getting himself taken prisoner and having to be rescued.

Roddy Owen, who won the National on Father O'Flynn, was one of the swarm of would-be war correspondents who got absolutely nothing when Umra Khan threw his hand in. A bad waste of time!

POLO SEASON OPENED WITH ROYAL FLOURISH

H.R.H. PRINCE PHILIP, playing for the Mariners and the Sea Horses, took part in the opening day of the British polo season at Cowdray Park. A large gathering of spectators saw hard-fought matches of happiest augury, so good was the form of players in general

Top left: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hicks checking their programmes for the Tyro Cup semi-final. Right: Major and Mrs. A. D. Tatham-Warter, who have just returned from Kenya, were spectators. Bottom left: Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland and Viscountess Cowdray watching play from the private enclosure. Right: The Hon. W. H. de Lisser and Mrs. de Lisser, on a visit from Jamaica. He was playing for the Ratanada team



Left: Rao Raja Hanut Singh, whose team beat Polo Cottage in the Tyro Cup semi-final, chatting with Mr. Charles Smith Ryland and Mrs. Smith Ryland



Right: Lord Brecknock describes a chukka to Miss Dael Evans from South Africa, and Capt. J. R. Tillard, after playing in a supporting game

Priscilla in Paris

Green baize in demand

SUCH a multitude of conference tables. Such yards and yards of green baize to cover them. Such reams of blotting-paper, stacks of expertly sharpened pencils and magnums of ink! Not that ink comes in magnums, I dare say, but magnum is such an opulent word and we are dealing with opulence.

The number of important political get-togethers that are happening this week is impressive. I am duly impressed, for, alas, all this history-making is beyond me. So much of it is mentioned by initials nowadays and I can never remember what the initials stand for. However, I sat by a Personage at a lunch party and he kindly talked down to me. He told me that our prim M. Pinay—well, a long upper lip does make for solemnity, doesn't it?—won Chancellor Adenauer's good will by having thoughtfully requested that he should refrain from coming to meet him at the station.

It seems that the Chancellor likes to go to bed early. This did not prevent him, next evening, from discussing matters with the French delegation till 2 a.m. without showing the slightest sign of fatigue. Perhaps M. Pinay was more kindly than canny!

I HEARD also about the great popularity that M. Mendès-France continues to enjoy. At the tumultuous Radical-Socialist congress, presided over by president Herriot at the Salle Wagram (where they so often have cat or dog shows and fancy dress dances for quaint people), a vast crowd of admirers waited outside the hall. When M. Mendès-France appeared they mobbed him as impetuously as if he had been a film star.

He gave autographs till his pen ran dry. Anything served. Bits of paper, Metro tickets, candy wrappings (rather sticky to write on), and even a *mille* note tendered to him by a pretty girl. Taking refuge in a near-by *brasserie*, at the doors of which a police guard was summoned, he had a quick evening meal of sausages and potato salad. But not washed down with milk! Milk is out. Too fattening. He downed his pot of beer like a man!

MAURICE CHEVALIER also has done a little crowd-dodging this week. Sponsoring a "Crusade of Good Manners" (*toujours la politesse*) that had its send-off at Menilmontant, the populous quarter where Maurice was born, the gathering of his friends and, one might suppose, relatives, was considerable. With the traditional scissors he severed the traditional ribbon, though what the ribbon stood for in this case one was not quite sure. Before cutting he uttered a few choice words and sang his traditional



John Engstead

A QUEEN OF CABARET: MARLENE DIETRICH

MARLENE DIETRICH is making a welcome return to London for another visit to the Café de Paris, where she will be giving the cabaret from June 6th. This will be the occasion of the world premiere of a completely new act, for which Miss Dietrich has a wardrobe equal to her timelessly glamorous reputation. This year she will be introduced each night by some distinguished actress of the English stage



anthem: *Les gars de Menilmontant*, in which all present joined lustily.

When the last note and the last snip were given the crowd made a dash. So did Maurice! He does not believe in having his best suits ruined by button collectors.

JEANNE AUBERT is also a member of the *Croisade de l'Amabilité* that purposes to come to the rescue of forlorn tourists and aid them to discover Paris without tears. Complete with brassard, an enchanting ensemble, an adorable hat and her lovely smile, she was on duty at the Etoile one afternoon when two very young and very shy G.I.'s came up from S.H.A.P.E. on their first visit to the city. In a somewhat melancholy mood, they were walking away from the Unknown Soldier's grave under the Arc de Triomphe when adorable Jeanne (who is also Somerset Maugham's "Adorable Julia" at the Gymnase Theatre) electrified them by asking, in the very excellent English she commands, whether she could be "of any assistance." Some lads have all the luck.

Prospective visitors to Paris need not put forward their trip. I would not like to encourage vain hopes. By the time they read this the crusade will be over its first fine frenzy. Charming hostesses will always be available, but theatre stars have their own jobs to think of too.

A DE LUXE publication for bibliophiles: *Paris-Capitale*, by André Maurois of the Académie Française, illustrated by Maurice Utrillo and ornamented by his wife, Lucy Valmore, has just appeared. A magnificent affair and correspondingly costly. A cocktail party given on the Eiffel Tower celebrated the occasion. As a vantage point from which Paris can be viewed as a panorama, the Eiffel Tower is the fitting place for the launching of such a work of art. More perhaps from the point of view of the writer than of the illustrator. One can rely on the verisimilitude of André Maurois' pen, but one never knows when, where or why Utrillo will plant an extra tree or two in the centre of a treeless square or fill an empty span of canvas with imaginary personages!

We must console ourselves with the thought that if the generations to come decide, after contemplating Utrillo's Paris, that the architects of the twentieth century did not build very vigorously they, at least, will not doubt that we had a romantic colourist.

Cherchez la . . .

● Carmen Tessier's small nephew tells her: "If you are looking for the canary, *ma tante*, it is in the cat!"



HORSE SHOW CAPPED THE ROMAN SPRING

At the height of Rome's season, the International Horse Show draws riders and spectators from all over Europe. Above: The famous French rider M. D'Oriola jumping on Roulette. Below: The British Army team from Rhineland, Major Harold Selby, Major John Stevenson, Capt. Christopher Coldrey and Capt. Ronnie Dallas, led by Brig. Dick Hobson, O.B.E.



Schloss
Conte Raniero di Campello (centre), President of the Italian Equestrian Federation, was watching polo with Capt. Ronnie Dallas and his wife

At the Theatre

A song from the flame

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

It looked as though the great Parisian success arriving at the Lyric, Hammer-smith; must turn the London theatre into a sporting arena. Those contesting the three-cornered match would be *The Lark* versus *Saint Joan*, M. Jean Anouilh versus Bernard Shaw, Miss Dorothy Tutin versus Miss Siobhan McKenna. But, in fact, the invitation to partisanship is less embarrassing than it threatened to be.

Retelling the story of Joan of Arc, M. Anouilh has, of course, used the same sources as Bernard Shaw, and the two plays are much alike in their principal scenes. But a fundamentally different use has been made of the same material. Shaw's play is the tragedy of a world which is always failing to make itself a fit place for saints to live in: apparently it cannot help destroying as dangerously disruptive what it is afterwards constrained to admit may have been divinely inspired.

M. Anouilh is not interested in this age-old problem. His play is the human tragedy of an innocent peasant child—



TRIALS OF KINGSHIP: The Dauphin (Donald Pleasence) prefers to dissociate himself from hard facts by continuously playing at cup and ball when Agnes Sorel (Hazel Penwarden) lectures him on the rules and responsibilities of kingship

singing of courage and faith as spontaneously as a lark sings, soaring a free spirit in the pure air, and cruelly plucked down and crushed by means and for reasons quite outside her comprehension.

So the main parties in the contest, the plays and their authors, avoid coming to grips. Shaw's play was a bigger play on a bigger theme; M. Anouilh's play is a comparatively small work, remarkable chiefly for the cleverness with which he rearranges the familiar story for the stage, even contriving for it a happy ending, and for the delicate ingenuity with which he makes the story itself bear out his own rooted conviction that humanity out of jealousy delights to sully and silence all that is free, innocent and spontaneous.

If the plays and the authors won't fight, Miss Tutin cannot be expected to match the French Joan against the Shavian Joan, now superbly authenticated by Miss McKenna and on view at the St. Martin's Theatre. Miss Tutin is asked to play a pathetic little urchin, with a gleeful pride in

the peasant cunning with which she coaxes a rough soldier or a vain dolt to her way of thinking, and with a simplicity that her elders often take for cheek.

To this character she gives an endearing candour and a somewhat static integrity, and lightly touches our pity. It is an open question whether, if the actress could produce an ounce extra of power, the play would be more moving. I am myself inclined to blame the author rather than the actress. Though M. Anouilh works backwards and forwards over his heroine's life by means of flashbacks, there seems to be oddly little real development of character.

YET he is the cleverest of modern playwrights, and his is the kind of cleverness which it is always a pleasure to watch. His method in this play is to let into the trial at Rouen a series of flashbacks and formalised scenes which put us into possession of Joan's story before the trial began. Mr. Peter Brook treats this stagecraft with delighted imaginative expertise. The translation is by Mr. Christopher Fry, and he always makes us feel that we are getting a fine English equivalent of the original dialogue, though, I fancy, he has slightly softened the cynicism of the penultimate prison scene which in Paris showed Joan overcome with disgust and repulsion at the prospect of growing old.

Miss Tutin is well supported. Mr. Laurence Naismith is the humane judge whose elderly heart is moved by the spectacle of a fine young spirit in danger of damnation. Mr. Leo McKern is the prosecutor whose fanatical pertinacity is susceptible to the Freudian suggestion that he is himself obsessed with lust.

As the Spanish Inquisitor who hates all warm human life as a potential blot on his ideal of perfect holiness, Mr. Michael Goodliffe is impressive, while Mr. Donald Pleasence's Dauphin is a neat study of a likeable weakling.

M. Anouilh's last stroke of cleverness is suddenly turning Joan's prison into the stake at which she is burning and then, with triumphant audacity, turning back to the happiest moment of the Maid's life when she witnessed the crowning of the Dauphin at Reims.



ON THE RACK: Joan (Dorothy Tutin) is bewildered by her interrogators: the Promoter (Leo McKern, left), who denounces her to assuage his own sense of sin, Cauchon (Laurence Naismith), the humane bishop, and the Inquisitor (Michael Goodliffe), whose fanaticism shuts out humanity

Emmwood



IRISH TROUBLE FOR NUMBER 10

BRUCE WALKER'S new play, *Boy With a Secret*, which opened at the New Lindsey Theatre on May 17th, has fifteen-year-old Barrie Barnett in the part of Shaun, a juvenile but none the less ardent Irish Nationalist, with a secret on his mind. He is seen (left) contemplating with felonious intent No. 10, Downing Street. The father of this Irish family living in London is played by Fred Johnson, who takes the part of an old campaigner of the Sinn Fein now offered a "safe" Socialist seat at the next election

London Limelight

Players pleased

"**T**WENTY MINUTES SOUTH" is the second venture by the Players' Theatre into Tom Tiddler's ground. The first enterprise, *The Boy Friend*, having brought golden rewards, the new-comer commands respectful attention. It proves to be a suburban lark, designed to delight (as it does) the very inhabitants of the zone it satirises. The story, an unimportant incidental to the fun, is of an attractive but bossy young woman who descends upon a suburb and a City office, creates confusion in the lives about her, puts it right and, of course, marries the Boss. Into the tale come mothers, neighbours, typists, all the romance of Kipling's 8.15, and three Teddy Boys. The tunes are sprightly

without being particularly memorable, but there is one dance routine, "Having a Wonderful Time," executed on the terrifyingly tiny stage of the Players, which is dazzling. It makes anything in *Can-Can* or *Paris by Night* look thoroughly suburban. Credit for this is due to Ian Stuart, the choreographer, very nimbly assisted by his team of typists and Teddy Boys. In particular, Brian Blades, once Max Adrian's understudy, merits a show of his own as the widest and wisest of Cockney monkeys, and so does Miss Louie Ramsay,

who will almost certainly get one, as being the natural musical ingenue of to-morrow.

BARON, most eminent, articulate and suave of socialite photographers, is responsible for the presence at the Garrick of *The Lost Generation*, which arrives there on June 1st.

He was profoundly moved by the play when it was presented at the New Lindsey recently and bought an interest in it.

It is the work of Pat Hollander, once a V.A.D. nurse at East Grinstead, where the warrior heroes of the Battle of Britain went for major repairs. This is their story told from an angle which has possibly less glamour but a deal more sincerity than many a celluloid masterpiece.

A group of very sound troupers should make this story memorable. They are headed by Norah Swinburne, Gladys Henson and Elsie Randolph for the ladies, with Brian Nissen and Leslie Philips representing the R.A.F. The dress rehearsal before the opening will be attended by a great many of The Few, and the proceeds will go, very rightly, to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.



Louie Ramsay, Brian Blades and Margaret Buntin are three pillars of the new Players Theatre revue

—Youngman Carter

Television

VERY FINAL NIGHT

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

AT the last election TV still played only a minor part. To-morrow the nation will view its fate at an almost all-night session conducted by Grace Wyndham Goldie, Assistant Head of Talks. On her way to her present eminence, Mrs. Goldie has pioneered many of TV's best serious programmes—"Press Conference," the Crawley and Mayhew commentaries, Sir Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday presentation.

Some more perverse power must have chosen election night for "Down You Go"—safe title, whatever the outcome.

"Down You Go" passes muster, although the panel's skill seems rather high-powered for the target. Elizabeth Gray's gift for guessing right and Paul Jennings's informed urbanity are now reinforced by Helen Bailey's economics.

ELECTION results apart, down we must all go, underwater or underground, for the week's most promising programmes. All who are, like myself, mystified by man's sudden freedom of the submarine world, will want to watch Disney's *Operation Undersea*. Like his exciting film on *Operation Vanishing Prairie*, it will be a photographing of the cameramen photographing his *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. On Monday, Glyn Daniel, for his usually fascinating "Buried Treasure," will dig up the ignoble Piltown Man.

The gramophone

EARTHAQUAKE

WHEN Katherine Dunham and her troupe appeared in *Caribbean Rhapsody* at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London six years ago, against two of the characters in the programme, "Possessed Dancer" and "Girl in Search of Quirino," read the name Eartha Kitt. She was virtually little more than a chorus girl at that time.

But to be just that was not her idea of a career at all. It was, however, not until the company arrived in Paris that opportunity knocked for Eartha Kitt. She had an offer to appear at a night club, so she left the Dunham troupe and set out with no small success on her own. In 1951 she played cabaret at Churchill's Club in London, but it was in New York and Hollywood that she established herself, and after opening in Leonard Sillman's revue, *New Faces* of 1952, in New York, Eartha Kitt became a star.

HER recently released Long Play "That Bad Eartha" offers ten songs very aptly displaying Miss Kitt's versatility. Included in this *mélange* are "C'est Si Bon," "Monotonous," "Señor," "Under the Bridges of Paris," "Let's Do It," and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." But it is perhaps "Sandy's Tune" which points to the reason why she is likely to stay the ever-changing course for those who are successfully set down in the grooves. (H.M.V. DLP. 1067.)

—Robert Tredinnick



"THREE CASES OF MURDER" is the title of a new Wessex Production. The first part, entitled *Lord Mountdrago*, stars Orson Welles, seen in the title role of a brilliant and unpleasant Foreign Secretary



"WHOKILLEDELIZABETH?" second of *Three Cases of Murder*, features Elizabeth Sellars and Emrys Jones (above), and John Gregson in a "who done it" of unusual subtlety and suspense, based on the eternal triangle



"IN THE PICTURE," completing the trilogy, is a venture into the world of the uncanny. Here the sinister and mysterious Mr. X (Alan Badel) pursues his machinations with The Girl (Ann Hanslip)

At the Pictures

The gorgeous East (End)

WHEN a director of Sir Carol Reed's talent joins forces with a writer of Wolf Mankowitz' quality one is entitled to expect something out of the ordinary. That is just what we get in this charming film, *A Kid for Two Farthings*.

Mankowitz' philosophy is that life is either damnably dull or else a fairy-tale. It depends on how you look at it. The facts fit either way. Sir Carol brings all his accomplishments as a film-maker to the critical examination of this hypothesis.

The scene is London's East End and we are in the teeming, colourful Jewish life of Petticoat Lane. From its rich variety of characters a few are singled out and we are initiated into their hopes and fears.

DAVID KOSOFF, the kindly old Jewish tailor, is convinced he could make a fortune if only he could acquire a steam trouser-press. There is the physically over-developed muscle man, Joe Robinson, whose ambition is to be "Mr. World," but who meantime sews in Kosoff's shop and is engaged, without benefit of engagement ring, to Diana Dors, the neighbourhood's blonde glamour girl whose ambition is to get an engagement ring or, alternatively, a bedroom-suite so she and Mr. Robinson may marry.

There is Primo Carnera, "The Python," whom Robinson must beat at wrestling to get the money to buy Miss Dors' ring, and so on. Incidentally, in his first real part, Primo gives a most creditable performance. As, indeed, do all the cast.

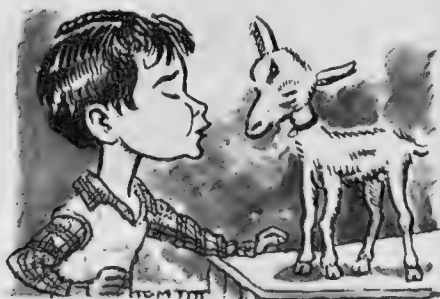
OPPRESSED by this weight of unfulfilled wishes, small boy Jonathan Ashmore decides that the answer is a unicorn. Unicorns are magic and can grant wishes. You can buy anything in Petticoat Lane if you look. Sure enough Joseph Tomelty has a kid with a lone, crumpled horn and this small unicorn becomes Jonathan's.

A cynic could explain all the extraordinary events following the unicorn's appearance as the natural consequences of the laws of cause and effect. But are they? Mankowitz and Reed are open-minded.

One fears at times the film is going to slide into one of those sentimental Yiddish domestic comedies about Poppas and Mommas. But the wit of Mankowitz and the discipline of Sir Carol steer it away from these shoals. With cool authority he moves the story along, dodging whimsy and fantasy. Here are the facts, he says. You provide the comment.

As in all films taken from books there is perhaps rather a heavy load of "characters" to carry. Most of them are gems in themselves, like Sidney James' kerbside jewellery vendor and Sydney Tafler's gown-shop proprietor. Cinema purists, too, will find it





Jonathan Ashmore as the small boy with his wonder-working pet in *A Kid For Two Farthings*

a bit wordy and discursive occasionally. But the words are good.

I repeat. It is out of the ordinary.

THREE neat little mystery stories, introduced in the TV convention by Eamonn Andrews, are packaged together in *Three Cases of Murder*.

The most entertaining, directed by George More O'Ferrall, casts Orson Welles as a British Foreign Secretary in a short story taken from Somerset Maugham about tribal life in the House of Commons. Mr. Welles delivers such a crushing attack on Alan Badel, an unusually sensitive Welsh Opposition M.P., that the latter regards his career as finished. His subsequent persecution of the pompous Mr. Welles, in the flesh and in the spirit, is both uproarious and spine-chilling.

Alan Badel also plays well in the other two pieces. The first, directed by Wendy Toye concerns a painting of an eerie-looking mansion, artist unknown, in an art gallery. But look out! The artist is Alan Badel and he sometimes emerges from his painting to seek house-guests among museum visitors.

The second is a straight whodunit, posing the question which of her two admirers, John Gregson or Emrys Jones, murdered the beautiful Elizabeth Sellars. Nicely acted by all.

SERIOUS crime students must not miss Warner Bros.' *New York Confidential*, at the London Pavilion. A professorial commentator tells us that this is the truth, or as near as the cinema can get to it, about the smashing of "The Syndicate," a high-level gangster organisation which in recent years had spread its tentacles across the United States, running crime and vice on big business lines.

The boss is Broderick Crawford which makes a nice part for him. His chief lieutenant is Richard Conte, who gives a terrifying study of the cold-blooded killer, monastically dedicated to "The Syndicate's" Spartan ideals that all personal interests must be subjugated to the welfare of "The Syndicate."

Plenty of suspense and shooting and—because it willy-nilly tends to glamorise these ruffians—well meriting its X certificate.

TYRONE POWER plays Paul Van Riebeck, one of the founders of the Dutch Free State in South Africa, in *Untamed*, which is one of those vast, tedious epics about the founding of nations. There is some splendid photography of the landscape, of the 800-mile treks, and of thrilling battles with armies of Zulus.

Power has also many other hazards to face in his enterprise, such as lawless bandits, headed by Richard Egan.

This is one of those pictures in which you can guess every move one reel ahead.

—Dennis W. Clarke



GRETA GARBO, that incomparable screen actress, as the Lady of the Camellias in a re-issue of the pre-war film, *Camille*, which is coming to the Ritz, Leicester Square, in June. Robert Taylor plays opposite to her as Armand Duval in this adaptation of the famous work by Dumas Fils which is familiar to the opera public as *La Traviata*



Miss Ann Hopkins and Mr. Alistair Fairclough were resting by the warm waters of the Roman Bath after taking part in a reel



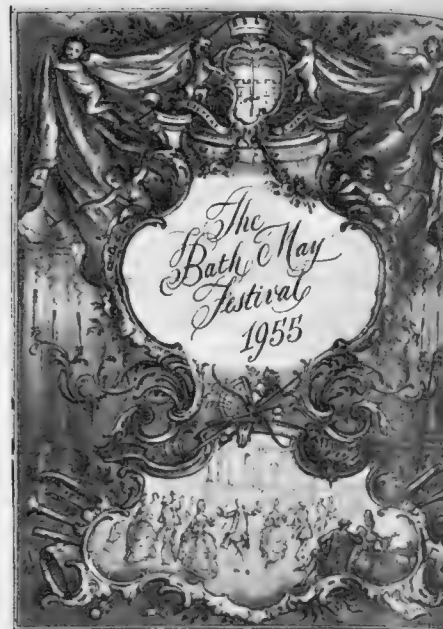
Rear-Admiral G. B. Sayer, who is Vice-Controller of the Navy and Director of Naval Equipment at the Admiralty, with Mrs. Sayer



FESTIVAL BATH SAW A GRACIOUS RIDOTTO

BATH followed in the footsteps of Beau Nash at its May Festival Ball, held in the famous Pump Room, when the Operatic and Dramatic Society presented an eighteenth-century "Ridotto" (left) which contributed much to the enormous success of the evening. This feature of eighteenth-century fashionable life consisted of a social assembly with a programme of music and songs, followed by dancing, for which the company were usually masked

Miss Heather Huntley and Mr. Tim Stock were chatting between dances beneath the Tompion clock at the end of the Pump Room





Armstrong Jones
Another aspect of the Festival : Huguette Boulangeot as Zemire in "Zemire et Azor"
in the Bath Festival Society's production at the Theatre Royal, with music by Grétry

Rear-Admiral L. Peile and Mrs. G. Wilson
at the ball. The buffet included some
eighteenth-century fare like "Salamagundy"

Mr. Simon Harris and Miss Susan Moss
were studying one of the pieces in the Roman
Museum which is beneath the Pump Room

Miss Sarah Luce and Mr. Roland Harris
had left the dance floor and were resting
in one of the many historic settings



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

ANOTHER revival of *The Merry Widow* has moved one of the critics to muse on the heartbroken exhaustion of the Vienna of 1955 compared with the Vienna of the Waltz Kings, when (this chap seemed to take for granted) the citizenry even brushed their teeth in 6/8 time.

This prevailing impression derives no doubt from the fact that the great Strauss dynasty wrote waltzes for practically everybody in Vienna—even for engineers (at whose annual ball Johann's famous *Akzeleration-waltz* created pleasing vistas of dreamy Viennese sweethearts swirling and swooning in the arms of chaps liable to hit them next day with a spanner, as engineers will) and for cabmen; maybe for dustmen and book-critics as well. Hence it seems to us likely that the Viennese of the 1860-90's were able to detect a waltzer's profession at a glance from his performance on the floor, and some skilful native dramatist like Arthur Schnitzler could have made a charming one-act idyll of it.

Scena

MITZI STEINGRUBER, a pretty little Viennese modiste, meets a handsome young officer in mufti one spring evening in the Ring. He is, he tells her, a lieutenant in the 10th (Pink) Esterhazy Hussars. They sup at Sacher's, and Mitzi says "Let's waltz." The lieutenant waltzes divinely, as only a Pink Hussar can. A waiter brings the bill. On scrutinising it the Pink Hussar leaps up with a loud yelp and begins to waltz with the waiter—a terrifically gay, fast waltz called *High Spring Bloodpressure in the Vienna Woods*. "You are deceiving me, Lieutenant," murmurs the charming girl as he sinks down at last and pays. "You are a chartered accountant."

She has guessed it by his sheer joy of life and his natty recent footwork in the "reverse," and when he is forgiven they go on hand-in-hand, happy as children, to the Chartered Accountants' Ball. (Curtain.)

Daydream

GIVE a thought to the builder's merchant," growled an expensive building-industry ad., reminding the Race to whom it owes its cosy and well-appointed homes. Numbers of the populace (our spies report) are being shocked into recollection by this already. Women especially.

Women devoting their thoughts to builders' merchants tend (add our spies) to flush deeply of a sudden and drop their eyes in confusion, as if some more disturbing emotion than mere womanly gratitude for cement and plasterboard had tinged their consciousness. A modest girl will dismiss all builders' merchants from her mind immediately with a toss of the head and a stamp of a pretty foot. Even then, apparently, they may return to her in dreams, like mystic shapes in a play by Yeats or Synge.

When have I last looked on
The round green eyes and the long wavering
bodies

Of the dark leopards of the moon?

"Let you not be thinking overmuch of them in the windy meadows of the dawn or your heart will break surely," says an old sailor to Queen Maeve, whose dreams are troubled by mysterious forms in green with gilt boots, keening like seabirds. "Let your thoughts be of clouds now, and of red-eared unicorns," adds the salty old fool, unaware that these visitants were possibly builders' merchants. Any romantic girl nowadays would give that aged matlow a jolly good kick in the slacks, we hope. "Popsy's pillow is a nightly rendezvous for the firm of Nockitt, Gripes, & Bulger," stated chic, svelte, dynamic Mayfair hostess Lady Whipsnade laughingly.

Q.-G.

BEFORE the international airline boys at Johannesburg crown the Queen of the Air (20-25), for which title a charming BOAC hostess with dark hair and blue eyes (*vide* Press) is strongly tipped by the cognoscenti, may we put in a word for



"Must you keep repeating parrot-fashion?"

the subsequent crowning of the Queen-Grandmother of the Air (65-70), for whom harassed top-flight City executives are still calling? "We generally want to be comforted in the air, not beglamorised," they keep telling us petulantly.

Johannesburg seems the ideal place for such a ceremony. Unlike the average City type, whose big flabby face has to be kept screwed up to executive ruthlessness by continual effort, gold and diamond tycoons (a South Africa chap was telling us) are all born with steely pans and lethal eyes. Comforting these boys at 50,000 feet up, therefore, would make a real test, and the Queen-Grandmother of the Air would have to combine old-fashioned charm, compassion, and solitude with great alertness; for example, if bitten while gently stroking some aching executive brow, this chap added.

Footnote

ENSUING chat: "Surely she'd disarm attack by humming some old sweet song like 'In the Gloaming.'"

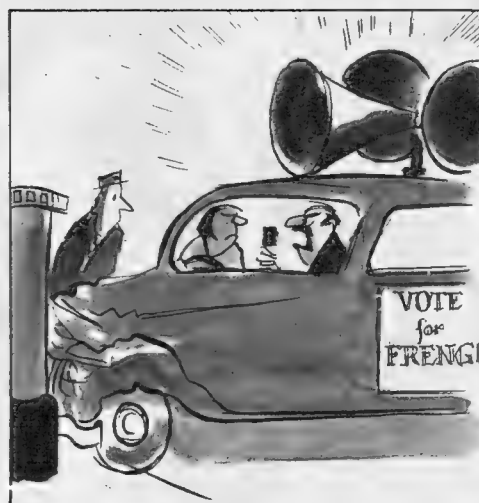
"Useless. They're deaf to music and strike like lightning. Ever seen a black mamba?"

"Never."

"Try stroking one."

Naturally the judges would award points not only for a swift return K.O. from a Queen-Grandmother, but for the preservation meanwhile of the old loving smile, combined with dignity, poise, and the upkeep of international airline standards (*q.v.*) generally.

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P. ~~~~~by Graham



LAUNCHING OF THE "ROYAL THAMES"

MEMBERS of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, led by Prince Philip, the club's patron, formed a syndicate last year to build a 6-metre with an eye to the forthcoming British-American Cup races. The new vessel, named Royal Thames, was launched at Woodnutt's Yard in Bembridge Harbour. Last year only two 6-metres raced in Cowes Week, but the R.T.Y.C.'s example has been followed by the Royal Corinthian Club and by a private owner in Scotland, so there will be three new boats out in the class this season, in addition to the existing fleet.

ROYAL THAMES comes from the board of David Boyd, designer of several successful Sixes in the past. Her helmsman is Michael Crean, who has long been prominent in the Dragon class. Her crew consists of G. G. Dudley Head, Major Peter Snowden, John Dunn and Simon Preston. After some weeks' racing in the Solent, Royal Thames is being shipped to Sweden for the 125th anniversary regatta of the Royal Swedish Y.C., at which several American 6-metres are expected. She returns for Cowes Week and the races for the British-American Cup.



Mrs. Kenneth Preston, the wife of the Vice-Commodore, launches Royal Thames. Also on the platform were Mr. M. Crean, who is to sail the yacht, Mr. Preston, Maj. C. J. P. Ball and Mr. A. Mellor, who built her



Left: Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Hughes, who had come over from Seaview with Mrs. and Mr. C. H. A. Kempton, who is a member of the Royal Thames



Right: Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Burton, who had sailed across in their ocean racer Norlethe from Warsaw, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Stannard were there for the launching





Lady George Scott, who was the president of the ball, and the chairman, Mrs. John Ward, were waiting to receive their guests. Lady George Scott is the well-known artist Molly Bishop



The Earl of Westmorland was having a word with Viscountess Duncannon, who is the wife of the Earl of Bessborough's son and heir



Viscount Duncannon and Miss Iris Peake, a lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret, who was in conversation with Mr. Billy Wallace

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE PIED PIPER BALL

Jennifer writes :—Princess Margaret, looking very pretty in a flowered taffeta evening dress and a single row diamond necklace, dined with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Ward before she came on to the Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

MRS. WARD, lovely in a dress of white guipure lace backed with black satin, was chairman of the ball, and other guests in her party included the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro, the latter in pink satin, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon, Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. Billy Wallace and Miss Iris Peake.

Never have I seen the ballroom and

suite as crowded, so it is to be hoped that the Society will benefit handsomely.

THE president of the ball, Lady George Scott, wearing a magnificent tiara with her pastel evening dress, and Lord George Scott also brought a party, including his nephew the Earl of Dalkeith and the Countess of Dalkeith, lovely in lime chiffon with an exquisite tiara, Mr. Henry and Lady Bridget Garnett, Mr. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Clyde, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, the latter very chic in a superb pink satin dress, and both greeting friends for the first time for months, as they have only just arrived from America for the summer. Two other lovely dresses at this ball were Mrs. Philip de Laszlo's fondant pink faille and white tulle, in which she looked dazzlingly

pretty, and Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander's embroidered white lace dress with bands of pink satin. Mrs. de Laszlo and her husband were going back to Lancashire next day, where they were helping her cousin, Mr. Julian Amery, in his election campaign.

Miss Rosemary Norrie and Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham were among energetic young workers doing a roaring business at the tombola, where everyone seemed to be winning a prize.

AROUND here I met Lady Mancroft, in a printed taffeta dress, escorted by Lord Soulbury and talking to the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, who was hon. treasurer for the ball, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, and Lord and Lady Grantley.



H.R.H. Princess Margaret was dancing during the evening with Colonel John Ward, C.O. of the Household Cavalry. The ball, held at the Hyde Park Hotel, was in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.



Miss Amanda Spence, Miss Diana Plunkett, Mr. John Houlder and Mr. Tony Everard watching guests arriving



Lord Porchester, son and heir of the Earl of Carnarvon, and the Hon. Diana Herbert, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke



Earl Beatty and the Countess of Dalkeith, whose husband is the son and heir to the Duke of Buccleuch



Miss Stella Wood and Mr. John Macintyre were two guests at this event in aid of a worthy cause



Mr. Peter Miles, Miss Moya Harrison and Miss Sarah Wignall were chatting in the buffet during an interval in the dancing

Book Reviews

MR. CAMPION
RUSTICATES

by Elizabeth Bowen

MARGERY ALLINGHAM'S *THE BECKONING LADY* (Chatto and Windus; 11s. 6d.) is a lovely and a bewitching story—like a pool with mystery in its depths. The scene, remotest Suffolk, at height of summer. The landscape is sun-dazzled and at peace; the village of Pontisbright is ancient. Silver the river runs by the mill, water-meadows are painted with yellow irises, ditches are tangled and lush with greenery, and Albert Campion, on holiday with his wife and small son, hopes—what a hope!—this may never end.

True, there has been a funeral, but one all in order. Uncle William, a retiring old celebrity (wit, librettist), had ended his days, at peace, in his good friends' house. For some years Uncle William had made his home with Tonker and Minnie Cassands: now, country posies nestle on his grave among the showier floral tributes, for Pontisbright mourns him no less than the outside world.

ALL agree, however, that the Cassands are right in not putting off their this-year's midsummer party—for the good old boy, soul of geniality, would have wished no disappointments on his account. Enchanting Amanda Campion and Rupert, a bevy of other children and two youths are helping to go ahead with the preparations.

Themselves, the Cassands are not unknown to fame: Minnie is a painter of high repute and her husband, Tonker, is the inventor of the Gūbalūbalum—a fearsome musical instrument which has reached an almost fabulous popularity. Alas, however, the Inland Revenue bears heavily upon the rewards of genius, and by the couple, till lately so unaware, hideous arrears of income tax are owing. When a corpse discovered in a near-by ditch turns out to be Minnie's friend-enemy "Little Doom," things do *not* look well, they do not look well at all.

For "Little Doom's" signature appears on a pressing series of letters in buff envelopes, stuffed away by Minnie into a cupboard; moreover, he'd taken to shadowing the beloved house known from time immemorial as "The Beckoning Lady"—Pontisbright villagers tell you why. Unmistakably, this person has died by violence. Albert Campion's wish to keep out of the case is an understandably natural one; for the feckless Cassands are among his and Amanda's oldest friends.

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR LUKE, Albert's colleague and the Campions' guest, does not, however, feel the same inhibition. Luke, happily, is to a degree sidetracked by his own midsummer madness: he is in love. Nor is Prunella Scroop-Dory, the rector's aristocratic niece, prone to let Luke overlook this important fact. Superintendent Fred South, of the rural C.I.D., is, alas, past love, and so down to brass tacks.



Baron

MISS APRIL OLRICH is the subject of this delightful study by Baron which has won a Merit Award at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, where the Institute of British Photographers' Exhibition is being held. Among the portraits are recent colour photographs of the late Queen Mary and of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother



THE BEAUTY OF NAPLES

"NAPLES AND ITS
SURROUNDINGS"
(Nicholas Kaye ; 30s.),
by Y. and E.-R.
Labande, translated
and adapted by J. H.
Shaw, graphically
describes the beautiful
city and surroundings
of Naples, including
the Sorrentine Penin-
sula and the islands
of Ischia and Capri.
Left: the theatre at
Pompeii; and right:
a little Salerno girl



If murders have been, up to now, rare in Pontisbright, conspicuous characters are not. "Fanny" Genappe, a bird-watching millionaire, is the owner of yet another house in the neighbourhood, and has as his secretary Miss Pinkerton, who is of a disconcerting efficiency, and whose devotion to her employer's interests extends to the support of a Mr. Smith—a "spiv" known to be nursing some fell design. Socially, S. S. Smith is a blight and threat. . . . Through all, the Cassands unfurl their fantastic party, with which goes more than its glamour—it's their last hope.

The Beckoning Lady is rich in characters, young and old—from local Harry, crabbed as they come, to the twins (used for polishing the floor). The story is pitched in the mood of Nature, which is why I make so bold as to call it lovely. It culminates in the wild and poetic scene of the masks whirled by the river through the floodlighted garden.

Miss Allingham's extraordinary imagination—or, should one say, imagination with knowledge of the extraordinary?—commands the reader from beginning to end. By classification, this is a detective story; and, as such, admirable in structure. It will be missed by no connoisseur of the genre. But also, it has the qualities of romantic drama, and the flavour of what is ancient and sound in England. You don't care for "crimes," you say? Take a chance on this! For to fail to make part of this Suffolk summer would make *your* summer the poorer—or so I think.

★ ★ ★

TO ROSSANO, by Gordon Lett (Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.), Freya Stark contributes a Foreword, saying perhaps more than the author could.

For some years [she tells us] since the end of the war, I had been wishing to read a story of the Italian partisans and peasants fairly told. I had come back to Italy in '45, when the glow of their exploits was still warm upon them, and before the politicians, "with ugly wrack," had covered them all over. I had visited La Spezia, and had been entertained by Colonel Fontana and such of the rest of the partisan bands as still survived: and had been a witness of the respect and trust, and of something added—a warmth

of true devotion—with which Major Letts was regarded. The qualities which produced this—qualities of unselfish leadership, and comfortably English—the author naturally does not describe: but without them, the epic of the Valley could never have been lived nor its history written.

The valley of Rossano, in the Northern Apennines, plays no part in the Italy of the peacetime tourist. Flying over the country in clear weather, one may gaze down into such valleys from the air and wonder what secrets they have to tell. Each has the look of a small community—hardy tile-roofed villages, simple churches, walled in on either side by the rising heights. Tracks run up



"JOURNEY INTO A FOG," by Margareta Berger-Hammerschlag (Gollancz ; 18s.), from which the above illustration is taken out of the sixteen drawings by the author, tells of her experiences teaching art at a youth club. This unusual and vivid book makes a thrilling narrative and a valuable social document

into the chestnut woods. One may guess the winters are gale-swept and bitter cold.

Rossano lies in a region inland from Spezia: to the north is the city of Piacenza, to the south-east Florence, to the west Genoa. Within this rough square (shown by the author's map) Pontremoli is the most sizeable town. To the Valley, in the autumn of '43, Major Letts came, with two companions, fugitives with a price upon their heads. The Rossanesi people, defiant of the penalties attendant on sheltering escaping prisoners, welcomed the three, giving them of their best. The halt in the Allied campaign up Italy dimmed hopes, but no one ever lost faith. Frustrating and tense as the waiting time was, and icy the nights in the mountain hide-outs, one was living amongst the warmest friends.

FOLLOWED the next phase: the winter of inactivity was over. Rallying the men of the Valley round him, Major Letts organised partisan resistance into an International battalion, which, though short of arms and equipment, soon played its part against the surrounding enemy. Hazards were added to, for a long time, by risk of spies and uncertain communications; then, encouraging messages filtered through—an Allied plane was to drop arms at an appointed place. Three successive agonising nights when the plane passed over, but could not be signalled back to, have been recalled. And, not only leadership, but diplomacy was needed, for "the English major" and his battalion were by no means the only partisans in the field. The Action Party and the Communists, bitter in opposition to one another, united, at times, in jealousy of the Valley men—who, fearless and single-minded, had no political axe to grind.

Major Letts tells, simply, his splendid story of folk who dared all, asking for nothing back. Staunchedly, complaining of no hardship, the Rossano women backed up their men; and the priests of the Valley stood by their people, while the toll of death rose, reprisals took their course, and an entire village was wiped out. *Rossano*, indeed, is an epic; it is also a tribute. This book makes one proud of simple humanity.



THIS time we have picked for our choice of the week a very charming afternoon dress that would be useful for many occasions, made of raspberry pink silk embroidered with a small black flower. The coat here being worn over it is of heavy black corded Italian silk and has elbow-length sleeves and a cleverly cut low waistline, and costs £39.2.6. ; the French handbag of black suede is £27. 10. 0. Bottom right, this hat of raspberry pink Baku straw, trimmed with paler pink chiffon costs 15 gns.

FOR AFTERNOON DATES



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

THE dress has a square neckline charmingly draped, and a long shaped bodice that billows out into a full skirt. It costs £46 5s. and comes from Dalys of Glasgow, who also sell the accessories we show here to wear with it



John Cole

Flower-strewn silks for

THERE are some enchantingly pretty silk prints appearing in the shops just now, with such subtle colouring and imaginative designs that one feels the fabric manufacturers and their artists should be presented all round with large gold medals. Whilst many of these silks come from France and Switzerland, it is heartening to find that several of the most exciting are British designs. Dressmakers have not been slow in making up these charming prints into the prettiest possible summer dresses; all we need now is plenty of sunshine in which to show them at their best. Hats, unless otherwise credited, are by Otto Lucas

—MARIEL DEANS



Elaine of Guildford sells this beautiful two-piece designed by Harry Popper. The short-sleeved, silver grey dress is banded with printed garlands of multi-coloured Alpine flowers, the long loose coat that goes over it is made of cotton velvet in a soft, greyish yellow

summer days

*Frocks that invite
weeks of sunshine*



Mary Lee of Tunbridge Wells sells this grey and white rose printed two-piece designed by Henri Gowns and the flowery pill-box, by R.M. Hats, photographed with it. The jacket has a very grey velvet half collar. On the left we show the dress that is worn under it

Contrast to all the flowery silks—Roter's slender wand of lime-yellow wool jersey. Worn with its bolero, this is a suit for any afternoon occasion; whip it off and you have a jewel-embroidered dinner dress. It comes from Rocha of Grafton Street



Continuing —
Summer silks

And a two-piece for



Above: A thunder blue crystal silk printed with pink wild flowers makes this elegant long waisted dress by Maison Belle. Notice its wide décolleté neckline, which is edged by a narrow collar, and the very full graceful skirt. It is sold by Rocha of Grafton Street

he cooler weather

Mascotte's silk jumper suit has a coffee-coloured background printed with blue and white flowers. Notice its pretty, rather gathered bust, and just-below-the-elbow sleeves. This is a simple, clever suit that most women would find enormously useful. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St., have it in stock





HERE is a scarlet raincoat from Wetherall of Bond Street showing two ways of wearing their famous Fourway belt. This coat, which comes also in other colours, is trimmed with white saddle stitching and costs 15½ gns. The very becoming little hat, in scarlet and white spotted fabric, costs 29s. 6d.

COLOURED COAT FOR A WET DAY

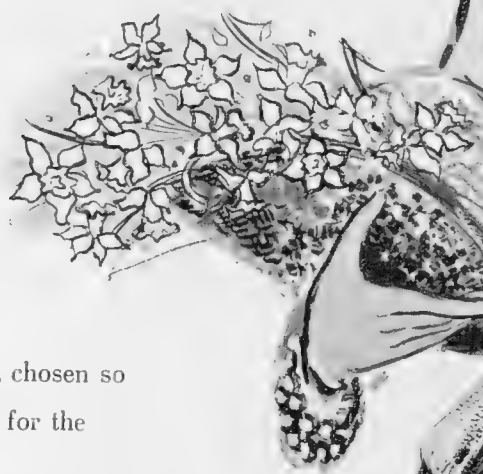


Out of the Top Drawer

comes the

Ballantyne

twins



Worn so frequently, chosen so continually as right for the occasion.

This Ballantyne Twinset in Lambswool has a golfer style cardigan and short-sleeved pullover with collar.

Colours: Pervanche blue, flamingo, baby blue, platinum, mustard, blossom pink and white.

Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42—and worth all of the £7.19.6 it will cost you.

Do order by post if you cannot call at Coplands.

Coplands



Leather photo cases that will give you a touch of home when abroad. Three sections £4 9s. 6d., smaller sections, £4 5s. Fortnum & Mason



Above: The "Vanderbilt." A handbag of distinction, made in pigskin with gilt fittings. Price £12 5s. Dickins & Jones

Below: Black beauty case (£26 5s.), matching manicure set (£5 12s.). Marshall & Snelgrove's Perfumery Dept.



You need not wave "goodbye" to neatness

FOR the many people who will be going away next weekend for Whitsun, we have chosen these attractive accessories to enable them to travel—and arrive—in a tranquil frame of mind

—JEAN CLELAND



A trinket box in Luxan hide, to take jewels for the weekend visit. The price is 25s., from Debenham & Freebody



Dennis Smith

Unsurpassed for elegance is this glove and tie set, in navy Florentine leather, tooled in gold. Glove box, £5 9s. 6d., matching tie case, £4 9s. 9d. Liberty's

No need to worry about light-coloured gloves getting dirty while on holiday, as long as you keep a packet of Dent's "Glove-Wash" handy. It brings them up as good as new, for only 5d. a packet



Hand mirror covered in morocco leather. The zipped compartment at the back holds a comprehensive manicure set. Harrods' Gift Dept., price £4 4s.



Clothes brush with a difference, incorporating a Sorbo-rubber grease absorbent pad, and a manicure set which is zipped into the morocco leather base. Ideal for travelling. Price 22s. 6d. Harrods' Gift Dept.



Beauty

A new treatment for the difficult skin

"LAST TIME I SAW YOU, you told me that you had a dry complexion," I said to a friend who was asking me for some advice. "So I have," she answered. "But now you tell me that it is oily. So it is. That is the trouble, it's *both*, and I just do not know how to treat it."

I felt for her. No wonder, I thought, that so many people find this "skin game" a tricky business. More especially when they have what is known as a "combination" skin, part dry and part greasy. "Flakes and orange peel" was how another friend once described it, which led a third person, who only caught part of the conversation, to think she was talking of pastry and fruit.

IN actual fact, it was an extremely apt description. In the "combination" skin, the cheeks are often dry to the point of flakiness, while the forehead and the area round the nose and chin have a greasiness that leads to open pores, which, when looked at closely, resembles a sort of orange-peel texture. Very tiresome, and very difficult to deal with, unless you know *exactly* what you are doing.

But cheer up. This sort of skin is by no means hopeless. On the contrary, it can be normalized and made as clear and radiant as any other, providing it is given expert attention. I stress the word "expert," because to flounder around on your own may only lead to further trouble. It was with this in mind that I went to the salon of Dorothy Gray, where the "combination" skin is a speciality subject.

Here, in delightful surroundings, this problem is treated in a highly scientific manner, with twofold benefits. While the treatment itself gets to the root of the trouble, and reconditions the skin

to health and beauty, the client is shown how to treat it herself, so that the renewed bloom is retained.

The treatment takes an hour and a quarter, and as I went into it step by step with Miss Black, the presiding expert-in-chief, I was convinced that here is something of real value.

FIRST the entire face is refreshed with a deep cleansing liquefying cream. When this has been done, the "centre panel" is given special treatment. This means the forehead, the nose (and all round that particular area) and the chin, which are where, in nearly all cases, the greasiness and the open pores are most in evidence.

To correct this condition, Dorothy Gray has some very effective "Pore Grains." These, which look like little pink granules, are mixed with a few drops of water to a fairly roughish paste, which is worked well into the skin, and left to dry like a masque. As it dries, a slight and quite pleasant tingling is felt, which is the indication that it is working on the pores and drawing out impurities.

When the grains are dry, they are removed with damp cotton wool. If there have been any blackheads—which is sometimes the case, especially with young girls—these will have been brought to the surface, so that they can easily be gently pressed out, without causing any damage to the skin.

For the next step, Pore Cream is applied. This is a medicated preparation specially designed to close and refine the pores after they have been completely cleared and "unclogged" by the grains.

WHEN the "centre panel" has been thus dealt with, the rest of the face—the dry skin part—is massaged with skin food. For this purpose, Dorothy Gray has three types: "Sensitive Skin Cream" for the fine sensitive skin that cannot take anything too heavy or too rich; "Special Dry Skin Mixture" for the average dry skin, and "Extra Rich Skin Cream" for the older woman, whose complexion is sometimes of the excessively "papery-dry" kind. The neck is treated with "Special Throat Cream" and when all the massage is finished, the creams on both face and neck are removed with cleansing tissues.

Toning, which follows, is done with one of three kinds of skin lotion, used again according to the type of skin. "Orange Flower Skin Lotion" for the dry type, "Texture Lotion," which is more astringent, for the greasy skin, and a still stronger lotion for the excessively oily. The lotions are patted in briskly, starting at the base of the throat and working up the side muscles of the neck (which are the ones which support the facial muscles) to the ears on either side.

THE circulation having been thoroughly stimulated throughout the neck and face, and all the muscles braced, the treatment is finished with what is called a "Light Lotion Masque." The lotion is poured on to thin pads of cotton wool which are gently pressed down all over the face, except for the eyes, which are covered with pads soaked in eye lotion. To give a "lift" to the contours, the chin is firmly tied up with a chin strap, after which more lotion is sprinkled on top of the cotton wool, so that it is quite damp and wonderfully refreshing.

While the lotion cools the skin and closes the pores, the client lies back and relaxes, and very often, so I was told, drops off to sleep, to wake when the pads are removed, feeling and looking completely rejuvenated.

Skilful make-up with soft shades of Dorothy Gray cosmetics is the finishing touch, and there is little doubt that however aged you may have felt when you went in, you emerge like the "Lass With the Delicate Air."

—Jean Cleland



The beauty treatment starts its good work as soon as you enter the restful atmosphere of Dorothy Gray's salon in Bond Street

To-day's beauty is
Opalescent
luminous
glowing as a pearl

Light, lovely, out of this world is

Elizabeth Arden's beautiful way to make-up
with a delicate translucence.

BASIC SHEEN Begin with this flowing cream foundation. Butterfly light, yet it covers every tiny imperfection, gives your skin a dewy smooth radiant undertone with a look of great beauty. Basic Sheen is now available in a new smaller size

YOUR EYES Focus interest on your eyes. Miss Arden's Eye-Shado in glamorous new colours makes your eyes look larger, more luminous. Use Eyebrow Pencil and Eyelash Cosmetique to outline the eyes and accent the brows

INVISIBLE VEIL POWDER Unbelievably fine, unbelievably clinging, it gives your complexion a look of translucent clarity. Finally, an Elizabeth Arden Lipstick, Satin smooth with just the right degree of indelibility. New shades, Pure Red, Canary Red, Mediterranée.



BASIC SHEEN 8/3, 22/6 INVISIBLE VEIL POWDER 22/6 EYESHADO 6/9
EYELASH COSMETIQUE 17/6 EYEBROW PENCIL 4/- LIPSTICK 10/6

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK

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PARIS

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Yevonde

Miss Judith Mary Gold, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Gold, of Brendon Street, London, W.1, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. David Henry Maitland, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Maitland, of Cadogan Square, Chelsea

Miss Chloe Sybil Fordham, eldest daughter of Cdr. J. H. Fordham, C.B.E., R.N., of Redcroft, Loose Road, Maidstone, Kent, and Mrs. Rowena Langran, of Carrigmore, Balineen, Co. Cork, Eire, is engaged to Mr. Richard Harold Johnson, A.C.A., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson, of Waterpark, Carrigaline, County Cork



Lenore

Miss Gillian Evelyn Stockwell, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. George Stockwell, is to be married in October to Mr. John Mervyn Manningham-Buller, son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, of Green's Norton Court, Towcester



Miss June Smith, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. A. F. Smith, of Claregate, Knotty Green, Buckinghamshire, is engaged to Sub.-Lt. John Alasdair Roger Silver, Royal Navy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon Silver, of Kithill, Denham, Buckinghamshire

An ideal wedding present, which is very much appreciated—and a constant reminder of the giver—is a subscription to The TATLER. Annual subscription £5 16s. 6d. (overseas £5 18s. 6d.), six months £3 (overseas £3 1s. 3d.). Both inclusive of Christmas number. A card from the donor will be included if requested. Send your cheque to the Publisher, Dept. ED/C, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2.

THEY WERE MARRIED



Taylor—Cross (left). Mr. James Richard Emery Taylor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Taylor, of Stone House, Stone Street, Sevenoaks, Kent, married Miss Diana Marion Hibbert Cross, second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald Cross, Bt., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., Governor of Tasmania, and Lady Cross, of Government House, Hobart, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, E.C.1



Ridgway—Samuelson (above). The wedding took place of Mr. Andrew Charles Cecil Ridgway, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G.E. Ridgway, of Nicosia, Cyprus, and Miss Doriel Sybil Samuelson, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Rupert Samuelson, of Godden Way, Sevenoaks, Kent, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, W.1



Fielden—Burder (right). Major Philip Fielden, M.C., Royal Dragoons, second son of Col. and Mrs. Fielden, of Court of Hill, Ludlow, Shropshire, married Miss Caroline Burder, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Burder, of Swinbrook Manor, Burford, Oxfordshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Miller—Higgins (right). Mr. Antony John Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Miller, of West Wickham, Kent, married Miss Patricia Higgins, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth G. Higgins, of 96 Piccadilly, London, W.1, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Helena Rubinstein

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PARIS HAIR FASHIONS

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PERFECT ENGLISH ACCENT!

● Our hair stylists know — almost before it happens — that hair, this season, is slightly longer, a fraction more formal, infinitely more becoming. Paris fashion commands it. New York enthusiastically agrees. And London? — London couldn't be happier. Because this look of feminine sophistication was made for the well-bred elegance of the Englishwoman.

Around this very latest fashion — the smooth, uncluttered line — our stylists create *the* hairstyle to suit your personality. Your features . . . the health of your hair . . . its colour and texture . . . are all studied carefully. Then, skilled fingers go to work. Suddenly, there's a *new* you. Make an appointment now to capture this new elegant look in hair styling.



● **AND THE LADY LOOKS YOUNGER.** Beware tell-tale signs of age. There are certain vulnerable points (your throat, upper arms, hands and ankles) that are a sure give-away of your age, *unless* you do something about them. At No. 3 Grafton Street, we do it for you — effortlessly, pleasantly. Our various beauty treatments (one for every problem) work wonders. Your ankles become slim curves. Your throat becomes graceful and firm. Your arms and hands grow slender and beautiful again. Ask us about the treatment best suited to your particular needs.

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for your personal appointment

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 3 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 PARIS NEW YORK



Motoring

Danger not the lure

Oliver Stewart



GOODWOOD, Indianapolis and the Scottish Rally: they come crowding upon us as May ends and they are the advance guard of an army of important motoring events. But before dealing with them, I must refer back for a moment to Silverstone, which proved so successful in spite of gloomy forecasts.

Wharton's crash was a horrifying spectacle when observed from the place where I was standing, near the starting line. He had only just returned to the race after a pit stop and the Vanwall was not running at its best. Yet Wharton was contriving to close on the leaders and was in process of doing so when his car took to the grass near Copse Corner, turned over and went up in a great gust of flame.

It was impressive to note the subdued atmosphere and the quiet anxiety of the massed spectators afterwards. Although the race continued, with marshals first waving their yellow ("great danger") flags and then their white ("service vehicle on the course") flags, little pleasure could be taken in it until the moment when Mr. Walkerley announced on the public address system that Wharton had not been gravely injured.

FROM that moment it seemed that the race became even more interesting than it had been at the beginning. It was the consequence of the general relief that no one had been dangerously hurt and it was proof that the popular theory that people go to see motor racing in order to see blood and bones is wrong. The Silverstone crowd had their enjoyment suspended until they heard that the driver was safe. They did not want to see a crash and they were not "entertained" by a crash. I think it is time that those who oppose motor sport should learn this fact, for there is still the widespread misconception that motor racing's sole appeal is its danger.

On the technical side there was much to

instruct us. The Vanwalls nearly have the speed, the latest Connaughts nearly have the speed to win major European Grands Prix. But they both need the final intensive development which turns a near-champion into a champion. My impression is that they will both receive this special attention and that they will—perhaps towards the end of the present season—be proving that they can challenge the best Italian and German machines.

I WOULD like to recall the practice times on the Friday before the racing. The Vanwall driven by Hawthorn was lapping consistently at 1 minute 48 seconds—a speed of 97.57 miles an hour; four seconds better than Salvadori's Maserati. Beauman's Connaught—again in practice—was lapping at one minute 55 seconds; Wharton's Vanwall at 1 minute 56 seconds and McAlpine's Connaught at 1 minute 57 seconds.

Fairman, who did magnificently in the International Trophy race, clinging to third place for many laps, was not so fast in practice, his Connaught's best lap on the Friday being 2 minutes 8 seconds. Here was evidence that British racing cars are at last serious challengers of the world's best.

Silverstone must not be let pass without remarking upon the Jaguar successes in the Production Touring Car race, when they took first, second and third places; on the Class achievements of Wharton's Ford Zephyr, Crook's Bristol, Jacobs's M.G. and Brooks's D.K.W.; and on the truly marvellous Aston Martin achievement in the Sports Car race when Parnell took first place at 93.58 miles an hour and Salvadori, also in an Aston Martin, took second place at a speed only fractionally lower.

Altogether Silverstone was a highly pleasant meeting and it is therefore to be hoped that the rumours that we may not see any more big events run there next year prove false. At least that hope must stand unless the true road

racing circuit, about which there is now so much wrangling, comes into existence. I would willingly exchange the best that Silverstone can offer for a race on that genuine road circuit with a much greater lap distance.

THE Austin achievements in the South African economy run are worthy of note. One Austin took first place, another took third place and their fuel consumptions worked out at 51.7 miles to the gallon for the A30 and 35.8 miles to the gallon for the A50. The drivers were W. L. Seymour and R. Turner (the A30) and J. D. Berryman and J. B. Bain (the A50). The average of all cars in the event was 28.5 miles to the gallon. The event is organized by the Mobilgas people and it emphasized—as most of these economy runs do—that for the best miles to the gallon, a steady pace must be used; there must be no fast and uneven starts and stops, no long periods of engine idling and the correct lubricant must be used.

HACKING up the roads is still the major traffic problem. Why are the roads always being taken up just where the traffic is heaviest? The answer seems to be lack of design. Modern conditions demand that something be done about the pipes that carry the drainage and other services in modern cities. We cannot afford to have them under the roads. They must be carried in conduits so arranged that sectional repairs can be done without disturbing the traffic flow.

And there is still the matter of urgency in road repairs. Although I have protested to the Ministry of Transport and other authorities one can still see traffic jammed all across Waterloo Bridge (for example) and miles beyond it because a hole has been opened near the Strand end, and a man is sitting in a tent close to it having tea. While this sort of thing continues, the official grouches about parking and its effect on traffic flow are so much hypocritical rubbish.



The method of ferrying cars by air rather than the more usual manner of sea transport has become more and more popular with those whose holiday time is limited; fares have also been reduced in recent years which makes an added attraction. Left: the Stranraer-Belfast Silver City air ferry unloading a cargo

One car or three?



THE 100 BHP

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Ivon de Wynter
LUPARIA, who is in charge of L'Allegro restaurant at Quaglini's, has worked in luxury hotels all over Europe and was at one time head waiter at the Savoy. He speaks five languages and maintains that restaurant business is no ordinary occupation, but a lifetime's work of art. He has been ten years at "Quag's"

DINING OUT

Some taverns in the town

VISITORS are beginning to arrive here in ever-increasing numbers. Many of them are on a restricted budget and will of necessity have to avoid the more expensive hotels and restaurants.

Most of them are keen to see as much as possible and there is no better way of getting an impression of the British way of life and the denizens' views on every subject under the sun than in the British inn, which in so many instances forms a sort of social centre in the area in which it is situated.

There are very many thousands in the British Isles, several thousand of them in the Greater London area alone.

Here are just a few, selected at random from personal knowledge, which have their own particular personalities, special interests and atmosphere. The landlords are friendly, full of ideas, and not only provide excellent drink but excellent food in the English style.

It is, I think, fair to say that in many cases it is possible to get a better meal in a "pub" than in that halfway strata of cafés, restaurants, etc., which might be described as between "The pub and the palace." What is more, you can drink something unobtainable in the luxury hotels even if you offered 10s. a pint for it: good draught beer!

Let us start with the Denmark in Old Brompton Road. Here Lt.-Cdr. H. L. Rollings has in the saloon bar a remarkable collection of

DINING IN

The ubiquitous egg

WHILE spinach is so very good, one serves it as a relief from some of the less interesting greens, and, with eggs as plentiful as they now are, one of the most attractive ways of serving both is with a little Mornay Sauce.

Wash and well drain the spinach, then gently cook it in a little butter until soft. Or boil it with just the water which clings to the wet leaves, press and drain well, then reheat in a little butter. Spread it in a buttered entrée dish. With a cup or spoon make as many depressions as the number of eggs you will use. Sprinkle a little grated Parmesan into them, then drop a raw egg into each. Over the top spoon a thin coat of rich Mornay Sauce and place in a very hot oven to glaze the surface and just set the eggs.

Eggs in *cocottes* are also pleasant and no trouble to prepare. For Eggs Bercy, pour a little melted butter into each *cocotte*. Drop two raw eggs into each and top with a little more butter. Place a grilled small sausage between the two egg yolks in each *cocotte*. Spoon a little tomato sauce over all and bake quickly. Or add the grilled sausages after baking the eggs.

FOR Eggs Diplomate, place a slice of *pâté de foie* (the real thing, if you wish, but chicken liver *pâté* will do very well) in a greased *cocotte*. Break 1 to 2 eggs into the dish. Add a little seasoning and a thin topping of tomato sauce. Bake quickly in a hot oven or stand the dish in a pan of hot water and poach the eggs gently. In this latter case, cover the eggs.

Creamed eggs are another pleasant little dish. To the greased *cocotte*, add a spoonful of single cream, then the raw eggs, a little seasoning and more cream. Bake or poach as above. For "Reine" presentation, add minced cooked chicken to the cream on the bottom layer. Forestiere style calls for a layer of fried chopped bacon, then one of mushroom purée, then the raw eggs. Poach or bake as above, then garnish with chopped parsley.

For "Portugaise," chop skinned tomatoes, discarding the seeds. Fry them in butter together with a little chopped shallot or chives. Make a foundation of them in a greased *cocotte*, add the raw eggs, top with a little tomato sauce and bake or poach as above.

For Chasseur presentation, fry together a sliced



onion and 1 to 2 chopped rashers of lean bacon until golden brown. Poach 2 to 3 chicken livers in equal quantities of wine vinegar and water to cover them, together with a *bouquet garni*. Drain, dry and mash well. Beat into the onion and bacon and season to taste. Spread half on the bottom of 3 to 4 greased small *cocottes* or one soufflé dish. Drop in as many raw eggs as are required, spoon the remainder of the mixture around them, then bake or poach (covered) standing in water.

THERE are as many ways of varying scrambled eggs as there are *cocotte* presentations. The first step in the scrambling seems to be very individual. Some people add a dessertspoon of milk for each egg, but the French (who claim precedence) say "no milk" as, indeed, they do for omelets.

Allow 2 eggs for each person. Add seasoning to taste and beat just enough to incorporate them very well. Meanwhile, for 6 eggs, have an ounce of butter very gently melting in a thick pan. Add the eggs and, while stirring, cook them very slowly and gently so that they remain creamy and do not develop any lumpiness.

To scrambled eggs can be added sliced mushrooms (fried in butter); shrimps (heated in shrimp sauce); skinned and deseeded tomatoes (gently fried in butter); a few cooked asparagus tips (warmed in butter); or slice some chicken livers, fry them (not too much) in butter and add them to the scrambled eggs. A little chopped cooked thin ham is another good addition and there is, of course, the usual mixture of chopped herbs—parsley, chervil, tarragon and chives—which can go in with the beaten eggs.

Serve on hot buttered toast or, for more "fun," hollow out large dinner rolls, brush the insides with butter, crisp a little in the oven and heap the scrambled egg mixture into them.

—Helen Burke

model ships, model lighthouses which revolve and flash their lamps, and ships sailing realistically. In the public bar there is a unique collection of model coaches of all periods perfect in every detail. There are adequate snacks in both bars and first-class straightforward English fare of high quality in their dining-room which is upstairs.

Nearer South Kensington, in Mossop Street off Draycott Avenue, is the Admiral Codrington, with a fine sign of the Admiral himself outside the inn. One could apply that very aggravating word "cosy" to this place. It is quite small with a very lively landlord, Mr. Jack Lewis, the place being decorated with lights of various shapes and sizes, copper pots and pans, and other odd gadgets. With the exception of the soup, potatoes and coffee all the food is cold, served at the bar or at tables set among individual stalls.

THEN there is the Pier Hotel, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, run by Reginald Gibbs. To start with he boasts of over forty different brands of Scotch whisky, including one bottled by Johnny Walker, of which neither I nor any of my whisky-drinking friends have ever heard before, called "Swing" in a remarkable bottle which sways to and fro but won't fall over.

They have a large cold buffet, one of their specialties being fresh Scotch salmon and salad. They serve lunches and dinners in their restaurant, *table d'hôte* or *à la carte*, with such things as *Traité Bretonne*, 6s. 6d., fillet steaks at 11s. 6d., and so on. There are bottles and half bottles of wine on each

table, showing two prices, the table price for drink on the premises and the price to take away, and the margin between them is very fair: Perrier Jouët to take away 29s. 6d., to drink with your lunch 35s. 6d.; Greve-Chambertin (Calvet) '45, 23s. and 27s. 6d. Red, white and rosé at 1s. 9d. per glass. You can even get a special beer for diabetics, Holsten-Brauerei, brewed in Hamburg.

LET us finish up with a very smart bar in Mayfair, Symonds Bar in Brook Street. This bar has warmth, colour and comfort in its decoration and has small oak shields with the arms of the towns of England on them dotted about the walls. Not only can you drink in comfort but you can eat there very well, Mr. and Mrs. Franks, the proprietors, having strong views on the subject. There is an *à la carte* restaurant which specializes in all that is best in the British native foods; lobster, crab, salmon, Surrey chicken, Scotch beef, English lamb.

The restaurant is not open in the evening but there is a first-class snack bar which, apart from supplying all you could want on a cold buffet, will provide grilled chops and steaks.

The wine list is very short and simple. There are only twelve to choose from, nine of which you can buy in quarter bottles, including champagne, which is useful at lunchtime if you are alone, in a hurry, or don't want to feel too sleepy in the afternoon.

—I. Bickerstaff



HORSE SENSE

"I have a vague feeling, Wilfred, that I dreamt the name of the winner last night. Would there be a horse called Forked Lightning in the big race?"

"There wouldn't, Bill. That was the name of a bland concoction the barman mixed you just before closing time."

"Then what about Kensington Kitty?"

"The landlord's bulldog. And to put your tortured mind at rest, the barmaid's name was Emily. Feel like a drink?"

"Intensely. I have a strong hunch about gin and Rose's Lime Juice in a series of doubles."

"Bill—your form is improving. After two or three gin and Rose's I shall await your nap selection for the 4.15."

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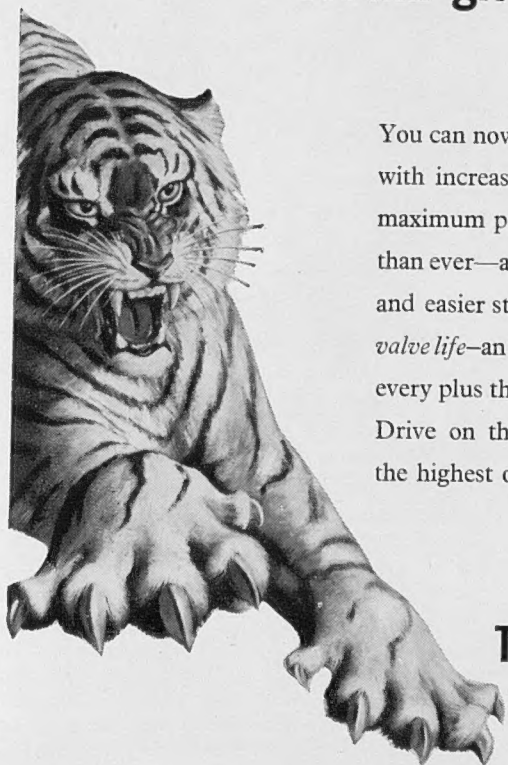
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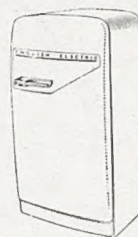
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